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T H E

# HIGHLAND REEL:

A

COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

I N

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.

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D U B L I N:

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.





## Dramatis Personæ.

| MEN.                                     | LONDON.        | DUBLIN.       |
|------------------------------------------|----------------|---------------|
| <i>Laird of Col,</i>                     | Mr. Aickin.    | Mr. Duncan.   |
| <i>Laird of Raufey,</i>                  | Mr. Booth.     | Mr. Barrett.  |
| <i>M'Gilpin,</i>                         | Mr. Quick.     | Mr. O'Reiley. |
| <i>Sandy, or Young }<br/>Donald,</i>     | Mr. Johnston.  | Mr. Duffey.   |
| <i>Charley,</i>                          | Mr. Blanchard. | Mr. Palmer.   |
| <i>Shelty,</i>                           | Mr. Edwin.     | Mr. Cherry.   |
| <i>Croudy,</i>                           | Mr. Fearon.    | Mr. M'Crea.   |
| <i>Captain Dasb,</i>                     | Mr. Davis.     | Mr. J. Brown. |
| <i>Serjeant Jack,</i>                    | Mr. Bannister. | Mr. Owenfon.  |
| <i>Servant,</i>                          | Mr. Evat.      |               |
| <i>Servant to Laird }<br/>of Raufey,</i> | Mr. Rock.      | Mr. Dowling.  |
| <i>Benin, (a Black)</i>                  | Mr. Farley.    | Mr. Cooper.   |

*Higblanders, Countrymen, &c.*

### WOMEN.

|                                    |                  |                |
|------------------------------------|------------------|----------------|
| <i>Miss Moggie }<br/>M'Gilpin,</i> | Miss Fontenelle. | Mrs. Brown.    |
| <i>Miss Jenny,</i>                 | Miss Reynolds.   | Miss W. Brett. |

*Several Country Girls.*



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THE  
HIGHLAND REEL.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*A small Court-yard before M'Gilpin's House, inclosed with a low Paling, and small Gate.*

*Time—Morning Twilight.*

*[Charley appears at the Window.]*

CHARLEY.

DAY begins to peep—choak that Cock! he'll rouse my old Master; but if I can get his Daughter Moggy to run away with me, let Cocks crow, Dogs bark, and old Masters grumble, *(he stretches out and taps at another Window.)* Moggy! *(softly.)* Miss Moggy M'Gilpin!—ha, ha, ha!—I must Miss Moggy her!

*[Moggy appears at the Window where Charley tapp'd.]*

MOG. *(Softly.)* Well Charley!

CHAR. Here; I've stole the key of your room out of your father's pocket. *(Reaches a key to her on a stick.)*

MOG. He, he, he! Oh, precious!

CHAR. I'll drop out of the window for fear of making a noise on the stairs; you've only to un-

lock your own door, softly trip down, I'll wait for you below.

Mog. But how am I to get below? have you got the key of the *street* door?

CHAR. Ecod! I quite forgot *that*.

Mog. What a fool!—If I hav'n't a mind to go to bed again, and think no more about you—but since I did promise to go off with you, as we can't get out of the street door, I'll try to get from my window; if you'll jump from yours, and stand below ready to receive me. (*She retires.*)

CHAR. (*coming out of his window.*) I'm not the first clerk that's run away with his master's daughter, nor shall I be the last—while clerks are poor, masters rich, and daughters pretty. (*Gets down.*) (*Moggy re-appears at the window.*)

Mog. The duce a thing can I find to—  
Oh, Lord!—stop—I'll cut my bed-cord, tie it to the leg of the table, and slide down by it. (*Retires.*)

CHAR. Slide down by her bed-cord! Ha, ha, ha! my Moggy's a rare romping Hoyden—but she's sunny and good-natur'd, a sweet temper, and a merry heart; so if I never get a shilling from the old one, I'll have her at a venture. (*Moggy appears again at the window.*)

Mog. (*Throwing a cord.*) There—I think that's fast—now I'll—Lud, I shall cut my hands thro'—take you for not getting the key of the street door.

CHAR. My dear! throw out first what clothes you may want.

Mog. Then you won't take me without clothes, ha, ha, ha!

DUETT. Moggy and Charley.

*The lamb and the heifer are taking their rest,  
The lark and the sparrow lye snug in their nest,  
Pussy dozes, and so does my doggy,  
All are sleeping but Charley and Moggy.*

*We wake to love before its day,  
Come, my dearest, we must be tripping away.*

No



No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,  
My little old dad will give unto me;  
Will love cool if you take me so barely?  
Moggy in her smicket is welcome to Charley.

*We wake to love, &c.*

*[End of duett, Moggy retires.]*

CHAR. Master I think wont rise early—up late last night, rehearsing his fine speeches against he's a Parliament-man in London—Ha! ha! ha! tho' only now Laird Donald's steward, and collector of taxes here in one of the remote western islands of Scotland! ha! ha! he banished a simple old woman for a witch, 'cause she foretold his daughter should be run away with—ha! ha! ha! so I'll prove the truth of her prediction.—Odsso!—here's the little gate too locked!—now could Moggy—stay—here's the horse block, and I'll make free with Dick the carpenter's bench, for her to step on the outside.—*(Springs over the pailing.)*

*[Exit.]*

*Enter M'Gilpin from the house.*

M'GIL. I will believe in withcraft, in wizards and warlocks!—tho' I did pack Goody Comings out of the island, yet I'm certain her elves have been about my house t'night—no noise in Jenny's room, nor in my daughter Moggy's, nor in Charley's, nor in Benin's—yet noises I most assuredly heard. *(Moggy from her window lowers a box on M'Gilpin's head.)*—Eh!—

MOG. Have you got it?

M'GIL. Yes, *(feels his head, as if hurt.)* I have got it!—What! my daughter! oh! ho! *(aside.)*

MOG. I thought I heard my father—*(softly.)*

M'GIL. So did I! *(in an under tone.)*

MOG. Do you think he's got up?

M'GIL. No.

MOG. Now you'll catch me!

M'GIL. Yes, I'll catch you, you jade *(aside.)*

MOG. Now for it.

M'GIL.

M'GIL. The devil!—she wont jump out of the window (*aside.*)

Mog. Now, my fine fellow—here goes—

M'GIL. Oh, Lord!—my child will break her bones. (*Aside*)—stop—can't you come out of the street door? It's open.

Mog. Pshaw!—why didn't you tell me so before?—Upon my word, I don't like such jokes—(*retires and goes down.*)

M'GIL. Nor I, upon my soul. (*Aside.*)—If I could carry on her mistake, I may find out who her seducer is—I think its scarce light enough for her to know me now. (*Retires on one side.*)

(*Re-enter Charley with a bench, which he places near the rails.*)

CHAR. There's a wooden stepping stone for you my dear—eh! (looking towards the door,) the door open! we must have roused the old man; he must not see me (*retiring.*)—Who comes here?—Shelty the pipe!

*Enter Shelty, singing.*

SHEL. If Sandy and Jenny are to be married to-day, it's time to rouse the boys and girls.

M'GIL. I think I know that voice—Oh, this is her fine fellow, I suppose, (*aside.*) [*Enter Moggy from the house.*] (*Charley steals into the House.*)

Mog. Come, now I'm for you my Dilding. (*Takes M'Gilpin under the arm.*)

M'GIL. And I'm for you my Dodling. (*In his own voice, laying bold of her.*)

Mog. (*Screams.*)

M'GIL. And pray, my dear, where were you going so early? Eh!

Mog. Going, Sir,—I—I—was going—→

M'GIL. I know you were going, Sir,—but where, Sir?

Mog. To—to—Church, Sir.

M'GILL.

M'GIL. Jump out of the window to go to Church!

*Enter Charley from the house, half undress'd, pretending to be scarce awake.*

CHAR. Aw, aw!—What's the matter here?—Aw—aw—*(Yawning.)*

M'GIL. Where have you been, sirrah?

CHAR. Sir,—I—I—was—aw—aw—fast asleep.

M'GIL. You stupid—Where's Jenny?

CHAR. Sir—she's—aw—aw—fast asleep.

M'GIL. You lazy lubber!—Snoring in bed, and robbers and ravishers running away with my daughter—*(to Shelly.)* Sirrah, what do you want with my daughter?

SHEL. I—*(looking simply.)*

CHAR. Eh—Shelly—Moggy—ho, ho—*(looking at them.)*—Well, hang me if I didn't long suspect this,—*(apart to Mog.)* turn it upon him, and we are safe.

Mog. Go, my dear Shelly.

SHEL. Eh!

Mog. Don't seduce my innocence any more.

SHEL. I seduce!

Mog. Your wanting me to jump out of the window to you.

SHEL. I—jump!

M'GIL. To make a girl perhaps break her bones!

Mog. Ay—my poor little bones!—cruel lad!

CHAR. Oh, fie, Shelly.—Bless me! how came the horse-block, and the carpenters bench here? *(affecting surprise.)*—I dare say, to help Miss over.

M'GIL. It was.

Mog. My kind Shelly placed them.

SHEL. Why, is the devil in you all?

M'GIL. Don't name the devil, you profligate! You're as wicked as the witch your grandmother, and the smuggling thief, your father!

SHEL. My granny was an innocent old woman, and so is my daddy. *(Enter Croudy.)* Here father, I only

I only came to see about Sandy and Jenny's wedding, 'cause I hop'd to sell a drop of liquor, and be employ'd to play the pipes, and here, he says, I come to jump out of his window.

M'GIL. A piper! a tapster!—marry into the ancient family of the M'Gilpins—one of the oldest Houses in all Scotland!

SHEL. I don't want to come near your old house.

M'GIL. You are a young—and your father there, is an old rogue—

CROU. What?

M'GIL. You come to steal my daughter, and be to rob the King.—I see he has been out, smuggling all night;—but as I am collector of his Majesty's customs, and my Laird Donald's rents, I'll—

CROU. You're a dog in office—I owe the King his duty; the Laird a quarter's rent, and you a beating—all which I will pay, so help me bonnet, purse and cudgel!—

[Exit.

M'GIL. He threatens my life!—A conspiracy to run away with my daughter!—Charley, I commit her to your care.

MOG. Oh, cruel father! (*Charley takes hold of her.*)

M'GIL. Take her, Charley—You marry, you jade! you shan't be even present at a wedding—I'll have Sandy and Jenny's celebrated to-day, and, oh, not a peep at it—up to your malepardis—go—!

CHAR. Come, Miss; I'll take care you do'nt marry anybody—but myself—(*apart*). (*Takes Moggy into the house.*)

M'GIL. That's right, Charley—(*Exit, into the house.*)

SHEL. Well, if ever I saw such capers! the older he grows the wickeder he is—ay, that's because every day he gets nearer—(*points downwards*)—Yes, he will—Eh—(*looking out.*)—As well as I can



can distinguish, yonder seems a boat put off from that ship that cou'dn't get in last night.—I may pick up customers among the passengers, they can't come to a neater house than mine.—People may at their friends be better entertain'd, but the surest welcome is at an inn.—Every body says—ha! ha! ha! that Shelty's a queer fellow: I believe I am—but I don't know how—I get 'on—I do—I will—

AIR. Shelty.

*When I've money I am merry,  
When I've none I'm very sad;  
When I'm sober I am civil,  
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.  
With my titol teedle tum,  
Likewise f-l-lol seedle sum,  
Not forgetting didorum bi,  
And also teedle, tweedle, dum.*

*When disputing with a puppy,  
I convince him with a rap;  
When I'm romping with a girl,  
By accident I tear her cap.  
Gadzooks, I'll never marry,  
I'm a lad that's bold and free;  
Yet I love a pretty girl,  
A pretty girl is fond of me.*

*With my, &c.*

*There's a maiden in a corner,  
Round and sound, and plump and fat;  
She and I drank tea together,  
But no matter, Sir, for that.  
If this maiden be wi' bairn,  
As I do suppose she'll be;  
Like good pappy I must learn  
To dandle Jacky on my knee.*

*With my titol teedle dum, &c. [Exit.*

[During the whole of this scene, the morning light increases gradually.]

*Enter*

*Enter M'Gilpin and Charley.*

M'GIL. Oh, my daughter is a most degenerate girl!—Well, you've lock'd her up?

CHAR. Yes, Sir.—*(Shows a key)*

M'GIL. Eh, ay—boy, listen—I'm certain from that old smuggling knave Croudy's being towards the sea side so early, that he's about landing brandy and tobacco; so if I can but make a seizure, it may be worth ten times the cargo of tea I seiz'd on him last week; so my good lad, you'll be on the look-out; ay, and on the look-in too; to watch imports, and prevent exports.

CHAR. I warrant, Sir, I'll keep one eye on the sea, and 'tother on Miss Moggy's room door.—Oh, Lord, Sir! yonder's Sandy come home.

M'GIL. Ha, ha! ha! Aye, the fool went to Mule to buy wedding clothes for himself and Jenny—I gave her an education, and I think that was doing very handsome by her—So, I make a great compliment in giving her to Sandy, tho'—Ha, ha! ha! I'm very glad—he rids me of a burden—that's prudence, Charley—Ha, ha! ha!

CHAR. 'Tis, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

M'GIL. You know I taught you some of my tricks, ha, ha, ha!

CHAR. Yes, Sir, and you'll find me an apt scholar.

M'GIL. In return, Charley, all I ask is your care of my daughter.

CHAR. I'll take care of her, Sir.

M'GIL. Keep her from Shelty.

CHAR. I'll keep her from Shelty, don't fear, Sir.

M'GIL. My good boy, how much I'm obliged to you. How shall I reward you?

CHAR. I shall want cash for our frolic, a choice opportunity to coax him out of a little. *(Aside.)*

M'GIL. Only let me know what I shou'd do for you.

CHAR. Why, Sir, last Christmas you promis'd me a Christmas box—now didn't you, Sir?

M'GIL.

M'GIL. I did so, my faithful Charley; keep but a strict watch upon Moggy, and—may be you have thoughts of some little blossom yourself; only let me know the girl that can make you happy, and you shall have her, by my authority.

CHAR. Ah! Sir, there is a girl.—

DUET. M'Gilpin and Charley,

M'Gil. *Thy secrets to thy kind master tell,*

Char. *I love a maid—*

M'Gil. . . . . *Is she full of play;*

Char. *No kid more gamesome—*

M'Gil. . . . . *Where does she dwell?*

Char. *Twang lango tillo, lang twang dillo day.*

M'Gil. *If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame;*

Char. *As much, kind Sir, I've heard you say,  
I love my charming*

M'Gil. . . . . *Ab—what's her name?*

Char. *Twang lango tillo, lang twango dillo day.*

Char. *My Christmas box,*

M'Gil. . . . . *Oh, I understand,*

*Thy faithful services I'll repay;*

*Here's five bright shillings,*

Char. . . . . *And here's my band.*

M'Gil. *Twang lango tillo, &c.*

[As Charley holds out his hand in expectation, M'Gilpin first making a shew as to give him the money, turns and puts it up again—singing the Burden, in imitation of Charley's manner in the preceding stanzas.]

[Exit Char. and M'Gilpin.]

Scene—An open Country, with a view of the Sea—  
Sun rising.

Enter M'Gilpin.

M'GIL. No, no, my kind Charley—I've a great regard for you; but touch my pocket and our friendship ends; since they've rais'd me out of my bed, I'll walk down to the beach, and like another Demosthenes, practise one of my declamations; a fine high wind for it.—This perverse girl! Oh, yes,

B

with

with her beauty and my talents, I must raise a fortune by going to London. (*Sandy sings without.*) Ah, Sandy! this poor orphan, Jenny—he shall have her—ha, ha, ha! here comes the simple Sawny, that prefers love to money.

*Enter Sandy.*

Ha, Sandy! welcome home, my boy!

SAN. (*Joyful.*) Here, Sir, I've got all our wedding geer in the newest Edinbro' taste.

M'GIL. But when comes the Parson?

SAN. He's gone over to Raasey; so I desired Jamy M'Kenzie to send us their new Curate.

M'GIL. Stop, Sandy, I've one word to say to you.—Hem!

SAN. Delay'd now by his nonsensical oratorical speeches, and my soul on the wing to love and Jenny! (*aside*)

M'GIL. Sandy, you have, by skill in agriculture, which you acquir'd, as you say, in an excursion to England, not only improv'd your own farm, but diffus'd such a spirit of industry, that my maister, Laird Donald, if he should deign to visit us, will find his Isle of Col as finely cultivated, as any patch of land in all Scotland; therefore to reward you, your Jenny you shall wed this day.

SAN. And yonder she comes, bright as the morn, that gives the flowers their beauty; welcome as the gale that wafts its sweetness.

*Air. Sandy.*

Oh, had I Allan Ramsay's art  
To sing my passion tender,  
In every verse shall read my heart,  
Such soothing strains I'll send her;  
Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid  
To shew, is all a folly,  
How much I love the charming maid,  
Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.

*She*



*She makes me know what all desire,  
 So roguish are her glances,  
 Her modest air then checks my fire,  
 And stops my bold advances.  
 Meek as the lamb, on yonder lawn,  
 Yet by her conquer'd wholly;  
 For sprightly as the bounding fawn,  
 Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.*

*My senses she's bewilder'd quite,  
 I seem an amorous ninny;  
 A letter to a friend I write,  
 For Sandy I sign Jenny.  
 Last Sunday when from Church I came,  
 With looks demure and holy,  
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,  
 'Twas Jane of Grissipoly.*

*My Jenny is no fortune great,  
 And I am poor and lowly,  
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate,  
 Her person I love solely.  
 From every sordid selfish view,  
 So free my heart is wholly,  
 And she is kind, and I am true,  
 Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.*

*Enter Jenny.*

JEN. Welcome home my Sandy!

SAN. (*Embrace.*) My love!

M'GIL. Ah, hah!—Egad my Highland Lad  
 and Lowland Lassie, you'll make a neat couple,  
 ha, ha, ha!

JEN. Dear, Sir, take the only return in my  
 power, my thanks, my gratitude, for your un-  
 merited goodness.

M'GIL. Ah, Jenny, was I the man that boasted  
 of his goodness, I'd remind you, that I gave you an  
 Asylum, when you was but a squalling bairn—tho'  
 I did'nt, nor I suppose I ever shall, know what family  
 you are of; your mother coming here to Col to lye-  
 in, privately, and dying in my house—yet my asto-  
 nishing benevolence, Oh!—

SAN. Your benevolence would be astonishing indeed! (*aside*)

M'GIL. I say, my amazing charity, did—

SAN. Well, Sir, we have heard that story so often—

M'GIL. To be sure; wou'd you have me put my candle under a bushel? Speak, Jenny, didn't I bring you up equal to my own daughter, Miss Meggy M'Gilpin? sent you to the tip top boarding school in Inverness, kept by Miss Carolina Killcoo-berry?

JEN. You did, Sir!

M'GIL. Tho' your forlorn mother didn't leave you a *barwee*, (but 500*l.* which you shall never see) (*aside*,) so out of pure friendship, Sandy, there take her—off my hands (*aside*.)

JEN. Dear Sir!

M'GIL. Aye, I'm a kind friend Jenny; ain't I a gay old fellow?—Why I'm a second Robin Gray!

JEN. Ah, Sir!—this last proof of your kindness, leaves me not a wish but to know my parents.

SONG. Jenny.

*Such pure delight my bosom knows,  
My thanks are due to Heaven and thee,  
With gratitude my heart o'erflows,  
Kind agent of his clemency.  
Humanity, thou good, supreme,  
To chase the orphan's tear away,  
Like the bright all cheering beam,  
Brings comfort from the God of Day.*

M'GIL. Hey! yonder's a boat put in from that ship in the Offing—some great strangers landed.

SAN. Red coats.

*Enter Shelty with a letter.*

SHEL. A little drummer boy desired me to give you this.

M'GIL. You busy—cou'dn't he have found any one else to carry me a message, than such a—you are a bad man!

SHEL.

SHEL. The letter, Sir—

M'GIL. Seems a small running hand.

SHEL. Running! then saddle your nose, and run after it.

M'GIL. (*Puts on his spectacles*) and reads (*Sandy and Jenny retire up.*)

"Mr. M'Gilpin, The gentleman that delivers you this"—

SHEL. Gentleman! that's me.

M'GIL. (*Reads*) "is a soldier."

SHEL. Not me.

M'GIL. (*Reads*) "commands a company in my regiment." And who is yourself? (*looks at the bottom and reads*)

"Robert Donald."

Oh, dear! why Jenny, Sandy!

SHEL. Well, Sir?—(*looks at M'Gilpin officious and inquisitive.*)

M'GIL. Get along, you busy impudent—Why here, young Laird Donald's gone into the army.

SAN. Indeed!—(*looks at the letter.*)

M'GIL. Stay—(*reads*) "delivers you this, is a gentleman—soldier—company—my regiment.—His name is Captain Dash, I have dispatch'd him and Serjeant Jack, to raise recruits in the Isle of Col, which my father has made me a present of"—So then young Robert is our landlord. (*Reads*) "I desire you will give him all the assistance in your power, get him as many good men as you can"—you'll go—(*to Shetty.*)

SHEL. You know I'm a bad man.

M'GIL. Plague on the hand! (*reads*) "He's a friend I esteem, therefore every civility you shew him, will oblige yours,

"Robert Donald."

SAN. This is the first I heard of young Laird Donald's being in the army.

M'GIL. Oh, I must dress, to meet and welcome this Captain, with one of my most elegant orations.

*Exit.*

SHEL.

SHEL. (Calling.)—Charley! get Mr. M'Gillpin's Sunday coat, brush his three cock'd beaver, and powder his scratch.

SAN. I must gather all the lads, to make a handsome wedding procession to the kirk, Jenny.

JEN. And I to assemble the lasses. Oh, Sandy! here, as the packet's in, will you see if there's any letter for me, as I desired the lottery man to send me notice, if this chance should be drawn a prize. *(gives it him.)*

SAN. Ha, ha, ha! you never told me you had bought a lottery chance, but it must, it shall be a prize, I'll keep it safe for you—his day proves I'm a favourite of fortune, and she shall smile upon my Jenny.

SHEL. Huzza, for good fortune! now these soldiers are come, I may have the rendezvous at my house—so now to sing the sheep's head, bake the bonnocks, tap a barrel, and tune my chaunter! and then your wedding, Tol, lol, lol! high doings!

AIR. *Trio. Sandy, Jenny, and Sheltie.*

Jen. *Excuse a fond maiden's confession,*

Shel. *Her blushes exhibit her bliss,*

San. *My joy is too great for expression,*

Shel. *Suppose then you speak in a kiss;*

Jen. *Affections most pure now unite us,*

San. *Chaste pleasures now wait to delight us;*

Shel. *The music and bottle I'll bring,*

Jen. *The fitch and the linnet invite us,*

Shel. *Fond turtles shou'd pair in the spring.*

Cho. *Affection most pure, &c.*

San. *Let lasses pursue your example,*

Jen. *The youths may take pattern by thee,*

Shel. *You give me of love such a sample,*

*Oh, married I'll certainly be.*

Jen. *Oh, what is the gay blooming flow'r,*

San. *The transient sweets of the hour,*

*Both.*



Both. *Compared to the charms of the mind ;*  
 Shel. *Good humour to charm has the power,*  
*To her time leaves no beauties behind.*  
 Cho. *Oh what is the gay blooming flower, &c.*  
*[Exeunt Jen. San. and Shel.]*

*Scene an open Country—Shelty's House.*

*Captain Dash and Serjeant Jack discover'd.*

BOTH. Ha, ha, ha!

SERJ. Yes, the letter you sent by little Tom the drummer, has prepar'd the old tax-man, ha, ha, ha! he hasn't a doubt but you're a real Captain in the army. Ha, ha, ha!

CAP. Ha, ha, ha! and my sole commission only the promise of a pair of colours in the East India service, on condition I can raise an hundred men, ha, ha, ha!

SERJ. Ha, ha, ha! Ay, by this sham of pretending their young Laird is our Colonel, from the affection of a Scotch Highlander to his Chieftain, I'll warrant they'll flock to our standard—and yet, now, tho' 'tis I that have brought you here to the field of action, something whispers here, (*points to his heart.*) Friend Jack, don't impose upon these honest innocent people.

CAP. Pshaw! nothing's an imposition till found out; and our's cannot before we have got our number of recruits, and shipp'd them off—you know we're certain their young Laird is in England, learning the newest fashion of sowing oats! ha, ha, ha! and his father, the old Laird, in London, in full cry after jobs and places! from neither ever residing here on their estate, our imposition can't be easily detected.

SERJ. We know our ground, and the character of old M'Gilpin—flatter his eloquence, and promise him an agency, and we have every man in the Island.

CAP.

CAP. Damme! I'd rather have one pretty woman, I saw just now, than the honor of planting my standard on the walls of Belgrade.

(*A loud laugh of Peasants.*)

SERJ. Some country gambols going forward.

CAP. The time to recruit—introduce yourself to them—set'em on to drink and play cards.

SERJ. Right—for when the poor devils senses and money slip off, honour glitters on a bayonet, and riches jingles in a British shilling.

SHEL. (*Without.*) Come along, boys!

CAP. To'em, Jack—coax, wheedle, drink, swear—zounds! make'em—

SERJ. As wicked as ourselves.

*Enter Sheltly playing the Pipes before some Country Lads.*

SHEL. Ay, lads, I think we'll honour Sandy's wedding; but the lasses mustn't set out for kirk before us.

SERJ. Ha, my hearties! my honest lad, shake hands (*to Shel.*)

SHEL. Every man shake his own hand.

SERJ. Why, you all seem very merry, to-day.

SHEL. Yes, and we'll be merry to-morrow, ha, ha, ha! and we were merry yesterday, ha, ha, ha!

SERJ. Ha, ha, ha! why, you're a pleasant fellow!

SHEL. Ha, ha, ha! yes, I am, ha, ha, ha!—I was born laughing, instead of crying, my mother laugh'd out, ha, ha, ha!—my daddy lik'd to have drop'd me out of his arms on the floor, laughing at me, ha, ha, ha! What's the child's name, said the Parson that christen'd me, Sheltly says my God-daddy, ha, ha, ha! then the Parson laugh'd, ha, ha, ha! Amen, says the Clerk, ha, ha, ha! since that moment, every body has laugh'd at me, ha, ha, ha! and I have laugh'd at every body, ha ha, ha!

SERJ.

SERJ. Ha, ha, ha! I shou'd like to enlist such a pleasant fellow—your good humour wou'd keep us in such spirits, you'd be the drum of the corps.

SHEL. Yes, and your rattan would be the drumstick of the corps, to beat the travally on my back, row dy dow!—a good morning to you.

SERJ. I tell you you'd make a develish good soldier.

SHEL. That's more than my daddy cou'd.

SERJ. Ha, ha, ha! you're an odd fish!

SHEL. Yes, but I won't be a red herring.

SERJ. No, but you're a pickl'd one, tho'—but pray what are you?

SHEL. Mel I'm a merchant, and a brogue-maker—I sells a horn of malt—moreover, I'm a famous piper. My father, Mr. Croudy, is a necromancer—he's the gift of second sight; and Mrs. Cummins, my granny, was banished for a witch—and now pray, who are you?

SERJ. I'm Serjeant Jack—in the company of Captain Dash.

SHEL. Serjeant Jack, you keep company with Captain Dash—good bye to you worthy Sir—*(going)*

SERJ. But stop, you know your young Laird is our Colonel—this halbert is his standard—do you pay no respect to it?

SHEL. Respect!—Oh, I beg pardon—*(takes off his hat and makes a low bow to the halbert—and then turns to go off.)*

SERJ. Ha! ha! ha! very polite indeed—but stop—

SHEL. I must tune my chaunter.

SERJ. Any particular festival to day?

SHEL. A wedding! and here's the bridegroom.

*Enter Sandy and Countrymen.*

SAN. Come lads, quick! quick!—Shelty play up—we must march two and two, 'till we join my Jenny and the Lasses!

SERJ. Ah! I could put you all in the neatest method of marching—

SAN.

SAN. Yes, Sir, but your marching differs from ours—you march to face enemies, we to meet friends—you to assault a town, we to attack a wedding dinner.

SERJ. Dinner! ah! my heroes! England's the field for a trencher battle—there our drum head is an oak table, Sir Loin leads the van, our right and left wing are of goose and turkey—our balls are plum-puddings—our bullets shot from a damson tart; we poise our knives, handle our forks, then smoke flap dash, cut thro' thick and thin—

SHEL. But dont you say grace?

SERJ. Yes, my grace is a bumper of cherry bounce.

SAN. Well, ha! ha! ha! come to dinner with me to day—and tho' in the Highlands of Scotland, you shall find we talk like French, eat like English, and drink like Irish farmers.

SERJ. Ha! well said my lad! you deserve encouragement—I've a rough guinea here, and egad I'll make one at your wedding, to drink my King's health, and success to the young couple.

SONG. Serjeant and Chorus.

*For soldiers the feast prepare,  
Who friends protect, and foes annoy,  
What war has won, let's now enjoy,  
Good cheer bright mirth bestowing,  
Sir Loin first we'll nobly dare,  
Our host looks round his table,  
His breast with friendship glowing;  
We jovial lads whilst able,  
Resolv'd to do all honour to the donor,  
With courage charge his boil'd and roast,  
In goblets large each toast,  
With sparkl'ng bumpers flowing.*

*Let*



Let drums beat, and fises sound brill,  
 Ye Clarions lend your sweetest notes,  
 Ye trumpets rend your silver throats,  
 Proclaim in warlike measure,  
 When the rosy bowl we fill,  
 The fair shall do their duty,  
 And sip its balmy treasure.  
 Touched by the lip of beauty ;  
 'Tis now a draught for Hector, tis nectar,  
 The Gods delight, here's wine and love,  
 Like Mars who fight, shou'd kiss like Jove,  
 By turns the soldiers pleasure.

[Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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A C T II.

SCENE I. *Cut Wood.*

*Jenny and Girls discovered laughing.*

*Enter Captain Dash.*

CAPTAIN.

EH! faith a buxom group, and the very charmer that pleas'd me so much. (*Retires.*)

JEN. True, but no matter whether you are all in white.

1st GIRL. Ay, but we shou'd for a wedding.

JEN. You, Susan, and Peggy, are to be my bride-maids; I hope soon to do as much for you.

*Enter Moggy.*

MOG. The sooner the better, ha, ha, ha!

JEN. Why, Moggy, how got you out?

MOG. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dear! I've scarce breath to laugh—ha, ha, ha!

JEN. Nay, but tell us how did you get out?

MOG. Ah, that's it—he, he, he! Charley so over-acted his part, that he lock'd me up in earnest—ha, ha, ha! When Charley misses me, he'll act his surprise so natural, that father will place more confidence in him than ever—ha, ha, ha!

JEN.

JEN. Ah, Moggy! you set little value upon the blessing of a parent, had I one!—your father is very good to you, and indeed you shou'dn't vex him.

MOG. Ay, but when a husband's in the way—now if I cou'd but meet Charley! Come, Jenny, where's the bridegroom, and the garland—the pipes and the parson?

JEN. Ha, ha, ha! you wild one!—but love is the theme, and the sweet birds shall sing a melodious accompaniment.

AIR. Jenny.

*What rapture to think on the time I have seen,  
On May day I first saw my love on this green,  
So charming his face and commanding his main,  
The King was my lover, and Jenny his Queen.  
The garland presented by Sandy,  
More sweet from the maker, 'twas Sandy.*

*A side look I threw on my lover by chance,  
Which soon he return'd with as tender a glance;  
My heart leap'd with joy when I seen him advance,  
And well did I guess 'twas to lead up the dance;  
For none danc'd so neat as my Sandy,  
In all things complete is my Sandy.*

*Beneath a gay woodbine with myrtles entwin'd,  
On cowslips and violets one evening reclin'd,  
So charming a place and a season so kind,  
He artfully chose to discover his mind.  
So sweet were the words of my Sandy,  
I then exchang'd hearts with my Sandy.*

MOG. Dear! if here isn't the strange officer been listening to our nonsense! he's come to take our men away—he is the most impudent devil—

CAP. (*Advancing.*) A fine flock of chickens, upon my honor.

JEN. You're not a fox, Sir?

C

Mog.

Mog. No, but he takes you for a lamb, he throws such a sheep's eye at you.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

CAP. You seem to be all—ha, ha, ha! pray don't let me spoil the play—ha, ha, ha! I'll make one—what is it? If you'd only admit me, you'd find me the 'merriest play-fellow, ha, ha, ha! (*To Moggy.*) You are, upon my soul, a beauteous nosegay—but here's the rosebud of the boquet, (*to Jenny.*) Tell me sweet, what's your play? (*Takes her hand.*)

Mog. A rosebud grows in an angry bush, and about fair maids. (*All the girls take hands and dance round him, singing, "A rosebud grows in an angry bush, and about fair maids, and about my merry maids a.l."*)

*Enter M'Gilpin, dressed extravagantly.*

*All the Girls runs off opposite side.*

M'GIL. Hey! is this the recruiting Captain? 'gad, Sir, I suspect you're come to beat up among our wives and daughters, for a regiment of infantry, ha, ha, ha!

CAP. Was ever so sweet a rosebud!

M'GIL. Ha, ha, ha! Captain, if your General saw you like a maypole, and the petticoat regiment frisking round you, ha, ha, ha!

CAP. Who are you?

M'GIL. I'm young Laird Donald your Colonel's Steward, and Collector of his Majesty's taxes, come to bid you welcome to our Isle of Col.

CAP. Oh, zounds! they've set me all on fire! Your, hand! (*offers his.*)

M GIL. But, Captain, what think you of the bride?

CAP. Bride! Eh! which? who?

M'GIL. She in the white and tartan ribbons.

CAP. The very charmer going to be married—'sdeath, that lovely sprig to be worn by a clown!

M'GIL.



M'GIL. Clown! Oh, no, I'll assure you her Sandy is a very clever lad.

CAP. He must not have her.

M'GIL. Hey!

CAP. I'll have her!

M'GIL. You!

CAP. Oh, yes.

M'GIL. Ha, ha, ha! This is recruiting! ha, ha, ha!

CAP. Damn your grinning, Sir! what d'ye mean?—Hark'ee, Mr. Steward, put that treasure into my possession, and what is there I will not do for you?

M'GIL. Eh! suppose you tell me what you will do for me.—

CAP. Eh—stay—true, Jack told me the bait to have him. (*Aside.*) Ay, what think you of the agency of our regiment?

M'GIL. Good picking in an agency.

CAP. 'Tis yours—say no more—I'll settle that with my Colonel.

M'GIL. Eh—oh, no, no, no, I promis'd her to Sandy.

CAP. Come, come, be a wise man, that prefers his own interest to all other considerations.

M'GIL. I am a wise man; and I—oh, Lord!—but the wedding's a thing settled, clothes bought, Parson bespoke, young folks wishes on tip of expectation! dear, poor Sandy'd break his heart.—Eh! the finest thought—but, I suppose you never saw her, tho'—you shall marry my Mog!

CAP. Damn your Mog! I don't want to marry any body.

M'GIL. No! Why I thought Jenny—

CAP. Zounds! Mr.—think of your interest.

M'GIL. Oh, Lord! I always do.—

CAP. Such talents as yours, hid here in an obscure corner of the world! such powers of eloquence!—a seat in Parliament.

M'GIL. Why, our Laird is a bright man *there*.

CAP. He bright! a Scotch pebble, to you; your eloquence once known, must command any thing.

M'GIL. Why, yes, I think once they find how I *can speak*, I shall get paid for holding my tongue.

CAP. Boards! Jobs! Committees! The girl—

M'GIL. Jobs!

CAP. A Pension! Place and Peerage!—Little Jenny.—

M'GIL. Pension! Jenny's yours; from a Surveyor, I'll be a Commissioner; if I am a Steward, it shall be of the Chiltern Hundreds.

*Enter Charley.*

CHAR. (*Apart to M'Gil.*) Sir, Sir!

M'GIL. Eh! now you puppy, you've let Moggy give you the slip.

CHAR. No, Sir, have her safe—but as you suppos'd, old Croudy has just landed some run goods.

M'GIL. But where?

CHAR. With my glass I saw him hide them in the Creek, behind the North Foreland.

M'GIL. From his boat? was't the Swallow?

CHAR. You know you seiz'd that last week, it's the other boat, the Angel.

M'GIL. I'll have her and lading!

CAP. My dear Sir, that's Jenny.

M'GIL. I'll have the Angel condemn'd.

CAP. My Angel condemn'd! for what?

M'GIL. For running brandy and tobacco.

[*Exit hastily.*]

CAP. The old fellow's mad—but he must prevent this marriage—holloa, Sir! Mr.—

[*Exit.*]

CHAR. Ha, ha, ha! my master goes to seize his own goods that I stole out of his stores, and hid in the rocks for him to seek out, whilst I run off with his daughter.

*Enter Moggy (unperceived.)*

I must run and let her out. (*going.*)

Mog. Dear Sir, won't you wait for company?

CHAR.

CHAR. Moggy! how the plague did you get out?

MOG. No matter, here I am, and take me while you can.

CHAR. Hey! Ecod, this is doing things, ha, ha, ha!—Charming! I've cat out work for your father, on the opposite side of the Island; so I'll run down to the pier, and get the boat ready, and off we skim like curlews.

[Exit.

MOG. Make haste, Charley—oh! my bonny Charley.—

AIR. Moggy.

*My father's house is neat and nice,  
My little garden Paradise,  
My chamber deck'd with trinkums fine,  
My window grac'd with jessamine;  
I have a black bird gay,  
Oh he's a pretty fellow,  
He whistles sweet and mellow,  
The live long day.*

*My playful Kid, handsome pets I've my many,  
My wanton bounding wanton frisking Nanny;  
Yet I love none half so well  
As Charley's gift, my dear Fidell,  
My little Fidell, my pretty Fidell,  
Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow, bow wow.  
Haste gentle lover, now for you;  
Papa, kid, dog, and chick, adieu.*

*In town I'll be, my glass can tell,  
A monstrous flaming marry'd belle,  
The foremost in all gamesome bouts,  
At opera's, plays, and balls and routs;  
All in my plumage fine,  
Around the smarts shall flutter,  
About me what a clutter—  
She's all divine.*

*They sing, they dance, to please me how they caper !  
Whilst rivals challenge, huff and vapour ;  
As birds all welcome here to woo,  
For Charley's sake be gone cuckoo ;  
I'll never create my spouse's shame,  
To singe my wings about the flame.*

*[Exit after song.]*

*Scene—Shelty's house in view.*

*Re-enter Moggy.*

Mog. Eh ! yon's a boat put in—here's some of the passengers—what a strange looking—*(looking)*—Ha, ha, ha ! by the description, it must be the strange Parson that's expected from Mull, to marry Jenny and Sandy. *(Retires up.)*

*Enter Laird of Raufey (as a Parson) a Servant with portmantua following.*

LD. RA. That dwelling, *(points to Shelty's)* looks like a public house.

SER. It is, Sir.

LD. RA. Then engage a room, and leave my baggage there—my great coat was comfortable on the water, but on land its cumbrous, *(takes it off, and gives it servant ;)* and lay out my best perriwig, that I may look decent—I will inquire for those I want, and you may refresh yourself within.

SER. Yes, Sir.

*[Exit with things into Shelty's.]*

LD. R. Here, pretty maiden.—

Mog. Sir—What a civil gentleman ! *(Aside.)*

LD. R. Do you know one Sandy Frazer ?

Mog. Eh ! Sandy—

LD. R. To whom I am to marry one Jenny.

Mog. Yes, Sir. *(Curtsey.)* I am Jenny, Sir.—I hope he wont find me out *(aside.)* *(He views her with attention and emotion.)* Lord ! I believe he suspects me ! *(aside and confused.)*

LD. R.



LD. R. Then 'tis your wish I shou'd marry you to Sandy?

MOG. Yes, Sir; marry us as fast as you can, Sir—I'm not in a hurry to be married, Sir.

LD. R. I see you are not.

MOG. Oh, no, Sir, my Sandy wishes it Sir, and my father, Sir—

LD. R. I didn't think you had a father.—

MOG. True, Sir—I—I mean Mr. M'Gilpin; he loves me as if I was his own daughter.

LD. R. Then he has a daughter of his own.

MOG. Oh, yes, Sir, Moggy—Miss Moggy M'Gilpin—a very pretty sort of a body, I'll assure you, Sir; loves me dearly, Sir, only, Sir, she's given to fib a little now and then.

LD. R. I cou'd wish to see Mr. M'Gilpin, and—

MOG. Why, Sir, I—I—don't imagine you can see him, 'cause he's gone on great business, Sir; but, Sir, he left his best compliments for you, Sir, and requests you'd perform the marriage as soon as you cou'd, please your reverence, (*curtsies.*) If Charley was but now here, we might put it beyond the power of father ever to separate us. (*aside.*) Oh, Sir, here comes my Sandy—now, Sir, you'll—oh Heavens! my father! (*aside.*) Good bye, Sir, (*going.*)

LD. R. But, lassy, stop.—

MOG. Yes, Sir, I'll stop—when I'm out of your sight.

[*Exit, running into Shilby's.*]

LD. R. A whimsical sort of a young lady! Oh, here comes her Sandy.—

*Enter Charley.*

CHAR. The boat's ready, and—hey! where has she scamper'd—Sir—did you see a young woman?

LD. R. Yes, your Jenny is gone into that house.

CHAR. Jenny!—I mean—

LD. R. Then, my good Sandy—I—

CHAR. Pshaw! I'm not Sandy—where the plague can Moggy have—

LD. R.

LD. R. Well, I thought she meant—but I'll see about the marriage, taste your ale and wedding cheer, and then ferry over to Inchkinneeth, where I have three or four more couple to tack together.

[Exit.]

CHAR. Now, this giddy tit, to kick up her heels just at the starting post! Her father! Zounds, 'tis well she has mis'd him.

*Enter M Gilpin, in a rage.*

M'GIL. Fine police! if the King's Officers are to be assaulted in the execution of their duty!

CHAR. Ha, ha, ha! (*aside.*) Oh, then, Sir, you've beat old Croudy?

M'GIL. No, damn him, but he has beat me! but I'll let the ruffian know, no body shall cheat the King in this Island, but myself—he's a poacher too, goes fowling, grouseing, and cocking; but I'll grouse and cock him! I'll shew him, that in Col I am grand fowler, prowler, and comptroller. His son Shelly have a child of mine!—my dear Charley take care of Moggy.

CHAR. She's safe, I'll answer, Sir,

M'GIL. Have you seen the Captain? I'll give him Jenny, to secure my preferment there.

CHAR. I'll set him another hunt, whilst I look for Moggy—Sir, have an eye to Jenny, the Parson's come, and if Sandy gets a hint of your intention to give her to the Captain, they'll be coupl'd unknown to you.

M'GIL. Ods fish! but where is Jenny?

CHAR. This instant gone into Shelly's.

M'GIL. Run you in, boy, and secure her, whilst I raise the posse after Croudy.

CHAR. Lord! Sir, Jenny'd never stay with me, you'd best in and secure her yourself, and I'll bring the constables for Croudy. (*Moggy looks out the door.*) Look, there she is—after her, Sir.

Mog. Its me, you fool! (*apart to him and retires.*)

CHAR.

CHAR. Oh, dear! its Moggy! (*Aside.*)

M'GIL. (*Going.*) Stop, you, Jenny! I'll have you!

CHAR. Stay, you, Sir—I'll have her—

M'GIL. You! Zounds, you know she'd never stay for you—here Jenny—

[*Exit into Sheltly's.*]

CHAR. Sent the Wolf after my Lamb! I cou'd hang myself! What, what is to be done? Stay, as he'll find her in Sheltly's, I'll swear it was he stole her out.

*Enter Croudy, and goes into Sheltly's.*

Odso! there's old Croudy gone into Sheltly's—I'll fetch the constables upon him—I know, from his wicked obstinate spirit, it will be a devil of a piece of work to take him; and in the confusion he'll kick up, I may still get Moggy down to the water side—then weigh anchor, feather oar, blow kind breezes, and adieu to my old master. [*Exit.*]

*Scene, Sheltly's house.*

*Enter Sheltly, with a mug, Apie, with table and chair—Laird of Raufey's servant, with a great coat and portmantua, with hat and wig in it, which servant takes out and lays on table, and then exit with Apie calling behind.*

SHEL. Yes, Sir, I'm here, Sir—I'm there, Sir—coming, Sir. (*Drinks.*) Lord, what nice ale do I sell—yes, Sir, my house is so full—oh, what a mortal fine chance have I to make money—but father's wrangling with M'Gilpin, will kick down all—here he comes; now if he hasn't been in some new combustifications.

*Enter Croudy.*

CROU. Ha! (*Takes the mug from Sheltly and drinks.*) Ha! a scoundrel! tell me I rob the King! the Custom-house Officer takes his pay and smuggles—and he's a damn'd bad servant, indeed; that robs his

his master. Boy, M'Gilpin wou'd have seiz'd my boat, tho' 'twas only last week he claw'd up my other. (*Drinks*) Lost my poor Swallow!

SHEL. Shou'dn't have thought as much, (*turning the mug*)—

CROU. This tax-man—Oh, zounds! I'll—

SHEL. Lord, father! how you do put one out of all sorts! here's my house full—there's the Serjeant has got Sandy and all the lads at cards; and here's Sandy's marriage—and here this new Parson seems a wet clergy—and then, now your quarrels with M'Gilpin will—

CROU. Go froth your ale, and score double, boy—I've thrash'd M'Gilpin,

SHEL. You han't.

CROU. I've bang'd him, firrah.

*Enter Apie.*

APIE. Oh mercy, Master Croudy! here's the Constables, and M'Gilpin in the house!

SHEL. Lord, Lord! you'll be taken—Apie do you go down and let no body come up — [*Exit Apie.*] (*Sees clothes.*) Eh! this is the luckiest—here step into this great coat, hat and wig, the Parson's servant left here—no time for thinking—do, take a fool's advice.

CROU. Eh!

SHEL. If you are taken, to jail you go—do you want to make a riot in my house, and give him a pretence to take away my license? no, do things easy—here, quick, quick! (*He helps him on with the clothes.*) There, the devil a one of them can know you now—I'll run and get the boat ready—you're so nicely disguis'd, you may easily get to it—Huh! oh, dear—

[*Exit.*]

CROU. Oh, you cowardly cur! you're no son of mine—my cudgel is but a —if I had only—Zounds! isn't that my broad sword yonder? I made a present of it to this pigeon; but he never had



had spirit to use it, (*takes it from over chimney;*) and shall it be said, that a Highlander sneak'd out like a paltroun, with his broad sword in his hand? no, no! no disguise now. (*Flings off clothes*) All fair and open—if they take me, they take me—they must first take this, (*draws it,*) 'twas once drawn in what I then thought a right cause, but ready now to defend my King; tho' I do run a few anchors of brandy to quaff his health, and bring up my children to fight his battles.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Moggy, frightened.*

Mog. Oh, lud! where shall I hide from father? If I cou'd stand behind the door, and slip out as he comes in; but what cou'd bewitch Charley to send him after me? If I cou'd but get down to the pier—what's this, (*looks at clothes, &c.*) Ha! the Parson's—Ecod I've a great mind to try now if I can't hide myself in it—Ha, ha, ha! on—they go, ha, ha, ha! (*puts them on,*) and wig! ha, ha, ha!

*M'Gilpin and Shelty without.*

M'GIL. She is here.

Mog. Oh, Lord! there's father! (*She muffles herself, and stands still.*)

SHEL. She is not.

M'GIL. Sirrah! Charley told me she came in just now.—

Mog. Did he, indeed!

*Enter M'Gilpin and Shelty.*

SHEL. She is not, I tell you—you've done like a wife man, (*apart to Moggy, thinking 'tis Croud.*)

M'GIL. I'll have the house search'd!

SHEL. (*To Moggy*)—Don't speak, and I'll get you out.

M'GIL. Where's Jenny? You're a stamp of your father, the old rascal!

SHEL

SHEL. Father keep your temper—

M'GIL. Deliver up Jenny, you scoundrel!

SHEL. Keep your cudgel quiet—Oh, Jenny!—  
You think me a Devil among the girls—this morn-  
ing I was running away with Moggie—now 'tis Mr.  
Shelty, Sir, you've been kissing Jenny!

M'GIL. What old fellow's that? (*to Moggie.*)

SHEL. Over the chimney? Oh, that's Lord  
Lover!

M'GIL. Over the chimney, sirrah!

SHEL. Yes, that's poor Simon Frazer, (*looking  
towards a print.*)

M'GIL. Simon Frazer! I mean that, (*to Moggie.*)

SHEL. Oh, against the cupboard? Jenny  
Cameron.—

M'GIL. Get along, you audacious—I mean  
that, *that* fellow.

SHEL. Fellow! this? Oh, Sir, this gentleman  
is the Parson from Raufey —

M'GIL. Oh, I beg his pardon—How do you do,  
Doctor?—Oh, true, you come to marry Sandy and  
Jenny—ah, that's all up, Sir.

SHEL. Dont speak to him, Sir—

M'GIL. Damn your busy—Sirrah, you are the  
cause of my child's present distresses, you miscreant!  
I'll—Ecod, I'll revenge all upon the rogue your fa-  
ther. Doctor—Oh! here, Charley has brought  
the Constables.

SHEL. Father, you see you must fight your way.

*Enter Charley and two Constables.*

CHAR. I saw Croudy enter here.—

M'GIL. We'll have him.—Here, Charley,  
you shew the Doctor here to my house, whilst the  
Constables and I search this for Croudy!

SHEL. (*Apart to Charley.*) Do, Charley, take  
the Doctor—its my father—get him off.

CHAR. What! I help the escape of a smuggler!  
—Sir, that's Croudy in disguise.

Mog. (*Apart to Char.*) It's me, you block head!

CHAR.

CHAR. Moggy again! (*Aside.*) Come along, Doctor.—

M'GIL. No, you old rogue, no collusion with my clerk—I know you—I see the tip of his nose—Constables lay hold of him.—

[*The Constables lay hold of Moggy—Shelty takes the staff from one of them, and beats the other—Moggy throws off her disguise, and kneels before her father.*]

SHEL. Keep off! I'll defend my father with my life.

MOG. Oh, save my dearest father!

M'GIL. My daughter!

SHEL. This my daddy?

M'GIL. My dear child!

CHAR. I've done this well. (*Aside.*)

M'GIL. Before I lock'd, but now I'll double lock you.

MOG. Don't put me again in Charley's care.

M'GIL. No, I'll take care of you myself, my dutiful, affectionate—but, you jade, who got you out?

MOG. Who, but my dear Shelty!

SHEL. I! Me?

M'GIL. Ay, these were all your lies—your Simon Frazer's and Jenny Cameron's against the cupboard!

SHEL. But, where the devil can old Croudy be? Egad as I found Miss Moggy under a great coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat.

[*Exit.*]

M'GIL. However, for your concern for me, just now, you shall see me reward desert, and—

*Enter Jenny and Sandy.*

Give Jenny to—

SAND. Good Sir—

*Enter Captain Dash.*

M'GIL. To Captain Dash. (*Hands her to him.*)

D

CAP.

CAP. Sir, you shall be a great man, upon my honor!

SAN. Sir, hav'nt I your promise?

M'GIL. Eh! Egad I believe I'm a great man already, for I totally forget my promise.

SAN. But, Sir, I hold you to that promise, and with my life I'll justify my pretensions here. *(Takes her hand.)*

JEN. Nay, My Sandy.

CAP. Hark'ee, young bull calf, if you've a life to spare, in my regiment, it may serve your King and country.

SAN. Sir, the officer that cou'd disgrace his profession, by injuring the individual, will prove but a poor protector to his country, and is unworthy the favour of his King.

CAP. A spirited sort of a scoundrel this!—Old one, I must have him. *(Apart to M'Gil.)*

M'GIL. You shall. *(Apart to him.)* Sandy—remember my agency, tho'—I say, Sandy, upon recollection, I can't assign over a lease of the farm I promis'd you, unless you immediately pay me down a fine of 50l.

SAN. You know 'tis impossible for me to raise such a sum.

M'GIL. I do. *(Aside.)* Oh, Lord! can't you? I'm so sorry—but you must quit the premises.

SAN. No indulgence—no consideration for the services I have render'd the estate?

M'GIL. Indulgence! Sandy!—I thought you was as honest as—as—myself; but now I see you'd have me turn an unfaithful Steward.

SAN. You're a wretch! a little mean petty tyrant! and may every unfaithful Steward, who, like you, uses his delegated power to oppress the poor, and bring curses on the name of a worthy master, meet the villain's reward—shame and punishment!

*[Exit.]*

M'GIL. Damme, you shall go on the forlorn hope for this! Captain you shall have him. *(In a rage.)*

JEN.



JEN. After all his labour and toil to improve this country, is my love to be driven thus out of it?

M'GIL. Come home, you hussy.

MAG. Ah, do, father, do, lock me up, but don't be so cruel to poor Jenny—don't—

M'GIL. What are locks and brick walls against such an Algerine family as Shetty's? Even the old water-thief, his father, would rob a Bishop of his butter boats!

*Exit M Gil, Cap. and Mag.*

JEN. And this the completion of my happiness!

AIS. Jenny.

*The bleak wind whistles o'er the main,  
The seaman trolls his jovial song,  
He'll see his faithful maid again,  
And blith his tall ship rolls along.*

*From the mast head the cliff he spies,  
His joys in faithful hopes expand,  
The tempest roars, the billows rise,  
In vain he tacks to make the land.*

*Relentless breakers guard the coast,  
His hope, his ship, himself is lost.*

*The bleak winds whistles o'er the main, &c.*  
*[Exit.]*

*Enter Laird of Col, and Servant.*

LD. COL. Only inquire if Mr. M'Gilpin is at home!

SER. Yes, Sir.

*[Exit.]*

LD. COL. I find my arrival is totally unexpected. — The moment I set my foot on my little territory here, I found my heart glow with all the regal pride of an ancient Scottish Chieftain; but no respect—no one to—no attendance—Who's there?  
*(With authority.)*

*Enter Shetty.*

SHET. Ha, ha, ha! there he has taken her home.

LD. COL. Do you belong to the house ?

SHEL. No, but the house belongs to me—what d'ye want ?

LD. COL. Manners !

SHEL. I thought so, by your making such a noise.—D'ye want any ale ?

LD. COL. Do you know who you talk to ?

SHEL. Yes—who are you ? Oh, he's one of my father's smuggling customers. (*Aside.*) You're a pedlar.—

LD. COL. How ?

SHEL. Oh, I ask pardon, I didn't see your lac'd waistcoat—you're the puppet-shew man come to Sandy's wedding !

LD. COL. Sirrah !

*Enter Servant.*

SER. Yes, Mr. M'Gilpin is on the island, your honor.

SHEL. Honor ! (*Looks attentively at Laird.*)

LD. COL. Inform him his Laird is here—and I command his immediate attendance.

SER. I shall, my Laird.

[*Exit.*]

SHEL. This Laird Donald ?

*Enter Laird of Raufey.*

LD. R. (*On entering*) Only order my bill.

LD. COL. The Laird of Raufey ! Why, my good friend, what brings you to Col ? and in such a—(*surveying his dress.*)

LD. R. Hush, my dear Donald ! I as little expected to have met with you here.

LD. COL. But how ! what ?

LD. R. You may remember my sister Evelyn making a stolen match with young Camaron ; the lad went for England to acquire wealth, the only qualification he wanted ; and my sister, poor thing ! to avoid my father's anger, lying-in here in Col, died in child birth, leaving a daughter, of whom I am now in search.

LD COL.

LD. COL. But your canonicals! (*Exit dress.*)

LD. R. Why, Sir, meeting on the road with an old domestic of mine, who is now in the service of a Parson engaged to wed a couple here, I prevail'd on him, for a little cash, to assist me in a plan, I, on the instant conceived, to personate his master, ha, ha, ha!—lent me clothes, ha, ha, ha! for I thought, in a feign'd character, if I could discover my niece, I might unknown myself, have come to her real disposition: If capable of polish, I'd have snatch'd her from obscurity—but I find her such a—

LD. COL. Oh, then you have found her?

LD. R. Oh, yes; but my niece, Miss Jenny, as they call her, may make a good farmer's wife, and in a young fellow, one Sandy, from his character, she's likely to have a most excellent husband—Ha, ha, ha! supposing me the Parson, just now, she wou'd have me marry her to him! Aye, she may grace a dairy, and so may be much happier than bringing her into a sphere her rustic education has render'd her unfit for; so I shall give the lad some cash with her; but I shan't *discover myself*.—And now for your affair.—

LD. COL. I've given this Island to my son Robert—parted with him last in London; he had then but just return'd from Hampshire, and the shooting season approaching, told me he'd see what game my new gift afforded; but I don't know how—I can hear nothing of the boy.—Fifteen years since I've been here, so, during recess of Parliament, I've taken a trip, to see if Bob has made any improvements, for his Hampshire journey had made him a skilful farmer, I assure you;—besides, I was anxious to know how M'Gilpin, my Steward, has gone on; but I hear nothing but complaints of him, and yet the Island wears a fine face.

LD. R. Like me, you shou'd come incog, then you'd see the true face of things.

LD. COL. Ay, Sir, but no hiding the native dignity of a M'Donald.

*Enter Shelty, very submissively.*

SHEL. My Laird, forgive me taking you for a pedlar. (*Bows low.*)

LD. R. The dignity of a M'Donald!

SHEL. Pardon me, Sir, for taking you for a shewman! (*Bows low.*)

LD. COL. Ha, ha, ha! well, Sir, I shall excuse your apologies—now for honest M'Gilpin.—

SHEL. Yes, my Laird, he's as worthy a man—

LD. COL. Worthy! I heard—

SHEL. All truth—he's as great a rogue as ever stood in the picture frame.

LD. COL. Well, let the gentlemen of the Island attend me.—

SHEL. Gentlemen! Yes, we will all attend your Lordship, (*bows*)

LD. COL. And let every one that has any charge against him appear—if well grounded, I shall see him punished.—My Laird, (*to Laird of Raufey.*)

*Exeunt Lairds.*

SHEL. (*Aping Ld. of Col.*) I shall see him punished! hem! a fine thing to be a great man—hem! call the gentlemen to attend me, (*mimicking.*) If I was a Lord, what a deal of good I'd do to—myself—I'd, if—that is supposing I was a very great man, indeed—I'd be the patron of genius and talents, I'd reward the—stone-eater—I'd attend all sorts of elegant—cock-fights, to shew my good-nature, and to shew my courage—I'd go to the most scientific academies for—boxing—yes, that's it—the reward of genius now is given to a black smith, or a coal heaver, for a glorious black eye, or a noble bloody nose—and then there's your concerts, public and private, where some great Lords play the violin, and others play the fiddle; so, amongst those famous quality hautboys, who knows how far my chaunter might be esteem'd in polite harmonious jollifications!

Air.



AIR. Shelt'y.

Boys, when I play, cry oh, crimini,  
Shelt'y's chaunter squaker imini ;  
In love tunes I'm so emphatical,  
Fingers shaking quavroratical ;  
With agility,  
Grace, gentility,  
Girls shake heel and toe,  
Pipes I tickle so :

My jiggs still a pate, titilate, pretty mate,  
My bops love minth, young blood circulate.  
Toodle roodle foodle roodle roo, toodle roodle roo.

Oh, my chaunter sounds so prettily,  
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy ;  
Cross the Tweed I'll bring my tweedle dum,  
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb ;  
Modern Rizzios so,  
Please Ma'am's Misses tho' ;  
Peers can merry strum,  
Aa plays very rum,  
I'll puff at square Hannover,  
Cast over, man over,

All the puny pipes from Italy. Toodle, &c..

I'm in talk a pedant musical,  
In fine terms I lug intrusical,  
Slap Bravura's alt, the rage about,  
Hayd'n, Mara, opera, stage about ;  
Oratorios,  
Cramers Fiorios ;  
Things at jubilee,  
Neither be nor be,  
Die at Syren's note,

Tiny throat, petticoat,  
This is amateur high musical. Toodle, &c..

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

*Enter Sandy and Jenny.*

JENNY.

**M**Y dear Sandy don't grieve ; why shou'd ill fortune disturb our tranquillity, unless it cou'd lessen our affections.

SAN. M'Gilpin's design of giving you to Captain Dash distracts me.

JEN. But he shan't ; my obligations to him are great, yet this tyrannous attempt to fetter my inclinations, and a suspicion that his motives were not quite disinterested, have somewhat abated my debt of gratitude.

SAN. And here won't let me continue in my farm, without this fine of fifty pounds, so I must give it up— but he laid it on to ruin me.

JEN. Well, and even so, ain't there other farms, or no farm, cou'd you not be happy with your poor Jenny ?

SAN. My source of happiness ! when mine, I shall esteem you as a friend, respect you as a woman, and adore you as an angel —be for ever grateful for your honoring me with your choice, before so many more worthy—I'll cherish you in my heart —love you 'till death, and protect you with my life.

JEN.

JEN. When you are my dear husband—if you can have faults, to me they shall seem failings, but your virtues I shall esteem perfections—I shall advise you with candour, obey you with cheerfulness, make your home the seat of comfort; yet, if you ever shou'd quit your door with a frown, my smiles of welcome shou'd meet you at the threshold!

SAN. My sweet Jenny! this Captain!—I cannot think of resigning you to a Prince! but if I truly love you, should I make you the partner of my miserable fortunes?

JEN. Were you a Prince, I'm sure you'd let me share your splendour—therefore I'll follow you, my love, the world over, equally prepar'd to partake of your good fortune, or comfort you in sorrow—oh, don't deny me!

SAN. My dear Jenny!—

AIR. Sandy.

*At dawn I rose with jocund glee,  
For joyful was the day  
That cou'd this blessing give to me;  
Now joy is fled away Jenny.  
No flocks, nor herds, nor store of gold,  
Nor house, nor home have I;  
If beauty must be bought or sold,  
Alas! I cannot buy, Jenny.*

*Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,  
So priz'd a smile from thee;  
True love alone our hearts shall bind,  
Thou'rt all the world to me, Jenny.  
Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient meek,  
My tily drops a tear,  
Ah! raise thy drooping head, and seek  
Soft peace and comfort here, Jenny.*

'This is the first time I ever was convinc'd money was a blessing.

*Enter*

*Enter Benin, with a letter.*

BEN. Miss Jenny, Miss Jenny, a letter by the boat.

JEN. A letter for me! who can it come from?  
(*Reads.*) "Madam, the ticket, No. 125, of which  
"you purchas'd one-sixteenth at my office, is drawn  
"a prize of 1000l.

"Your humble servant,

"THOMAS TRUEMAN."

Heavens! what good fortune! now Sandy, you may keep the farm!

SAN. Eh!

JEN. My lottery chance—where is it?—you know I gave it you.—

SAN. Did you? (*with emotion.*)

JEN. What's the matter?—let's see the paper—its a sixteenth—stay—sixteen fifties—Lord! you can pay the fine—and we shall have—aye—I don't know how much in our pockets.

*Enter Serjeant Jack, singing.*

SERJ. Eh! isn't this the lad I broke at cribbage?—'tis—oh!—hah, my worthy! I'm ready to give you your revenge at the broads again—or any game from lansquennet to tee-totum, ha, ha, ha!

JEN. Why, have you been playing cards, Sandy?

SAN. Eh!—no—yes, my love—I—I had not the smallest of—but—that is—distraction—Oh, my Jenny! the die is cast!

[*Exit agitated.*]

SERJ. Poor boy! a generous lad too—spent his money freely on our recruits—cards?—yes, touch'd him for three pounds at Shelly's, besides a lottery chance.—

JEN. (*With emotion.*) Sir, did you win a lottery chance from him? (*agitated.*)

SERJ.



SERJ. Yes, my dear, I—my dear—and I'll give it you for a kiss—damme if I don't!

JEN. Sir! was it that number—but it must be—he had no other. (*Aside.*)

SERJ. The prettiest girl I ever saw—(*gazing*)

JEN. I say, Sir, was that the number? (*shows letter.*)

SERJ. Oh, the number—the loveliest—eh—a thousand! no, no, my dear, I'm not so lucky as that—but let's see—aye, here it is—ha, ha, ha!—eh! 125—tol lol der lol!—a lucky dog am I—(*sings*)

JEN. Yes, it is it—my poor Sandy!—(*bursts into tears*)

SERJ. Eh! is this 'cause the lad has lost? Zounds! this is the girl he was to have married—thro' my whole life I've been a petty shifting dog, always on the lurch—yet, damme if I can enjoy this first visit from good Fortune, as it brings tears into the eyes of a pretty girl!

JEN. By the loss of this, Sandy loses his farm, and I lose my Sandy!

SERJ. Farm! true, the Captain told me this feat of his separating two lovers, and get a man turn'd out of bread!—Captain!—if he was a General he's no soldier.

JEN. I suppose, tho' it was I bought the chance, they won't pay it *me*, as I can't bring it to them.

SERJ. Aye, the poor fellow was turn'd out of his farm, because unable to pay the fifty pounds the old rascal laid on it—now this wou'd just—this is the first time I ever had it in my power to do a generous action, and I've a strange curiosity to know how a man feels after one—a tailor wou'd—and why not a soldier? (*Aside.*) Look y'e, my lass—before I knew this bit of paper was worth sixty pounds, I offer'd it you for a kiss—I'm not quite a Nabob in point of cash—but if 'twas worth an 100! I scorn to go back of my word to one that can't call me to an account for breaking it—There's your ticket—

ticket—a kiss was the price—but tho' my mouth waters, pay it to the lad you love.

[*Exit.*]

JEN. Can there be so much worth, where so little is expected? now to impart my joy, and make my Sandy happy as myself!

SCENE II. M'Gilpin's house.

*Enter Moggy.*

MOG. Ha, ha, ha! father thinks he has me now sure, but I think if our trusty Benin, the black, procures me the clothes, as he promis'd—yes, my kind pappy, I suspect I shall surely slip off from you again—ha, ha, ha! Oh, here's poor Jenny—she's as unfortunate in her love affairs as myself.

*Enter Jenny, much agitated.*

JEN. Oh, my dear Moggy! for ever I'm undone!—Sandy is—

MOG. Well, I know father has turn'd him out of his farm.

JEN. But then he is gone, in a fit of despair, and lifted himself among the foldiers!

MOG. What a fool—ps'h, make him run away from them.

JEN. Desert!—Oh, the punishment, if taken, is terrible! besides, tho' drove to it by desperation, I know his noble spirit wou'd scorn to fly from the standard of his King!

MOG. If you cou'd procure a man in his place.

JEN. The equal of my Sandy! not in Scotland.—

MOG. Oh, yes, my dear, there's another very good man in Scotland!

JEN. I mean no affront to your Charley, my dear—but I've sold my lottery chance, and I'm going to offer the money to the Captain, to see if he will let him off.

Mog,

Mog. Money!—I wish I had a lottery chance, or somewhat—here am I going to run into the wide world, and, 'ecod I don't think Charley and I, between us, can muster up ten shillings for travelling charges.

Jen. My poor friend!—I wish I cou'd—*(aside.)*

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! Jenny, I think you had better offer yourself to the Captain—ha, ha, ha! I warrant he takes you in his stead—if not, you must, as the song says, “Pack up your tatters and follow the Drum”—you'd make a very smart little soldier's wife—with a brace of batons in your arms, and another little squab fat fellow squalling on the knapsack behind your Caledonian Alexander.

Jen. Why, my dear Moggy! if it even should come to that, I have a heart prepar'd for all weathers—yet I doubt my fortitude!

Air. Jenny.

*Dearest youth this heart will break,  
If cruel soldiers take thee far;  
Why peaceful home and me forsake,  
To tempt the dangers of the war;  
But all is home where thou'lt resort,  
My Sandy's smiles such comfort bring,  
The humble village is a Court,  
Grac'd by the presence of a King.  
My silken gear I'll leave behind,  
Prepare to face the rain and wind,  
With him I'll meet the blast so keen,  
And smile while on the billows tost;  
The heart where love is warm within,  
Enjoys a May in Winter's frost.*

*Exit.*

Mog. My sweet gentle Friend!—my father uses her very unjustly—I'm certain her mother, for all he says of her poverty and his charity to her, left the money behind that has been the making of him—She must be come of good people, from her refin'd sentiments and elegant manners—she quite eclipses me; and yet I don't envy, but love her

E

clearly.

dearly.—How long Benin stays—if he shou'd disappoint—perhaps betray me to my father!—no, here he comes, the faithful fellow—yes, he has got them—oh, precious!

*Enter Benen, with bundle.*

Well Benin, have you?—shew, my good—

BEN. Yes, Missy, and I tink dey vil fit you.

MOG. My best creature—

BEN. Ah, Missy! but Massa lick a me, as I was vorse creature—Missy if you run away, I run too—Massa kill a me, if he know I help you.

MOG. Pihaw! you fool, I'm not going to run away.

BEN. Missy, dere Miss Jenny write letter in parlour below—want me fetch it.—Missy, pray don't tell Massa I brought you clothes. *Exit.*

MOG. Let's see what you have brought—jacket, kilt, bonnet, complete—I won't even tell Charley of my design 'till I'm equipp'd—ha, ha, ha! I'll surprise him.—There I'll lay all snug—*(puts the bundle in press, in the flat.)* Now if Charley cou'd borrow cash to carry us up to Edinbro, father cou'd never find us out there—let's see, lud! I hav'n't above half a guinea left of my own pocket money—Oh, poor Charley and I—

*Enter Benin, with a letter.*

BEN. Miss Moggy, Jenny desire me give you dis.—

MOG. Very well.

*[Exit Benin.]*

What's this? an Edinbro bank note for forty pounds—let's see—*(reads.)* “ My dear Moggy,  
“ for certain the Captain will never part with such  
“ a soldier as my Sandy—therefore I shall take  
“ your hint, and ‘ follow the drum.’ As I shall not  
“ want the enclos'd, accept it, my dear friend, for  
“ travelling charges—besides a supply of cash you  
“ will find necessary'till you can obtain your father's  
“ pardon



"pardon for the steps you are about to take, in  
"which be happier than your Jenny!"—My gene-  
rous friend!—no, I will not enjoy happiness whilst  
you feel sorrow!—With the assistance of my High-  
land dress, here in my cupboard, if I can once more  
elope, the first use I make of my liberty is to pro-  
cure it for your Sandy—ay—tho' father catches me  
the next moment.

*Enter M'Gilpin.*

M'GIL. I'll first catch you this moment. *(Takes her by the arm, and takes a key out of his pocket.)* Go in there.

MOG. No, Sir!

M'GIL. Go in—

*Enter Charley.*

CHAR. What's the matter, Sir?

M'GIL. Here's a young lady won't be lock'd up.

CHAR. Oh, fie, Miss, refuse to be lock'd up—that's so unreasonable of you—

M'GIL. So it is—isn't it a proof what value I set upon you, hussy!—don't I lock up my guineas? you young brazen-face go in there—*(puts her in.)* If I should be obliged to go out, Charley, you will have a watch here. *(As M'Gil. turns his head to speak to Charley, Moggy, unseen by either, slips again out of the door, pulls Charley by the ear, and runs into the press.)*

CHAR. Now, Sir! what's that for? *(putting his hand to his ear.)*

M'GIL. Charley, don't say a word against it—it shall be as I like with my own family.

CHAR. Yes, Sir, but when you count ears, pray don't consider me as one of the family.

M'GIL. Ay, true, my lad—however—*(turning to the door,)* stay you there, the plague of my family! *(locks the door.)* I think I have you fast now, my deary.

CHAR. My poor girl! (*Aside.*)

M'GIL. Charley, boy, tho' I have the key, yet I scarce think I am sure of her, even now—she's full of hocus pocus—so, d'ye hear, now and then throw an eye to her door—that rogue, Shelty, must have been assisted by his grand-mother, the old witch I banish'd, to have got her out before.

CHAR. Eh! I'll encourage this thought—yet not seem to give into it. (*Aside.*) No, Sir, no.

M'GIL. Ha, ha, ha!—well, well, I defy the black art, I depend upon simple wit.—

CHAR. Simple, indeed! (*Aside.*)

M'GIL. Charley, I am now going into my study to practise oratory—don't let any body interrupt me, boy! hem!

[*Exit, with much self sufficiency.*]

CHAR. I find he doesn't know yet that old Laird Donald is come—ha, ha, ha!—his ridiculous idea of Shelty's grand-mother being a witch, shews his poor brain is so weak—and his prejudices of witchcraft so very strong, that his credulity may be easily impos'd on—he is prepar'd to believe any extravagance that may confirm his favourite opinion. If I could make it the means to procure my dear Moggy's release—to persuade him that—ha, ha, ha! I'm extremely tickled with the thought.

SHELTY. (*Without.*) Suppose he is busy.

BENIN. (*Without.*) Well, I'll tell my Mass.—

CHAR. And here comes Shelty, in the nick of time, to help my project—ha, ha, ha!—I'll try it, however—ha, ha, ha!

M'GIL. (*Without, speaking to Benin.*) I'll break your bones!

BEN. Me dont care,—oh—(*crying*).

CHAR. Hey! what now?

M'GIL. An impudent scoundrel!—I'll—

CHAR. Here he comes, and in as rare a humour for my purpose—If I can but make him give her up to Shelty!—once she's out of these doors, I have my dear girl.

*Enter*



ha, ha!—when I find he raise his voice, I will no answer him—ha, ha, ha!

[Exit,

M'GIL. I wonder Sheltie dares thrust his saucy face into my house.

CHAR. Now for it—if I can but work upon his fancy—aye, Sir, Sheltie wou'd feign make you believe he has the power to bring you to terms.

M'GIL. Power, and terms! what d'ye mean?

CHAR. And yet, I assure you, Sir, I put little or no faith in these sort of old woman's stories—there now, his father, Croudy, pretends to this gift of second sight—about a month ago, he got foretelling that Laird Donald wou'd arrive here in Col—aye, this day—so you see what a fine prophet he is.—

*Enter Servant.*

SER. Sir, my Master, Laird Donald, is come, and wou'd speak with you.

[Exit,

M'GIL. Eh!—why, Charley! did Croudy really tell you that Laird Donald wou'd come this day?

CHAR. Heaven defend me! he certainly did.

M'GIL. Very astonishing!—his mother a witch too—why, this is a bless'd family—egad, I begin to fear that nothing short of *magic* can keep my daughter from Sheltie. But Charley, you must instantly set to work to regulate my accounts—I must, you know, colour over my little tricks—if Laird Donald shou'd be for peeping into my books—but I have a speech, with a spoonful or two of flattery, that is excellently adapted to talk him over.

CHAR. A speech!—oh—I see Sheltie's intent, as he said—

M'GIL. Why, what did he say?

CHAR. Says he, just now, Charley, I have your Master under my thumb—I know that the clue to his fame and fortune is his tongue—therefore,

says



says he, with my scissars of fate I'm determin'd to cut—

M'GIL. What! to cut out my tongue with his scissars? Oh the bloody minded!—

CHAR. No, Sir; to cut the thread of your discourse—to deprive you of—

M'GIL. Of what, Charley?

CHAR. Your power of—

M'GIL. Of what, boy?

CHAR. Of voice!

M'GIL. What! make me not speak? Impossible!—I will talk, tho' there were three women in company.

CHAR. I tell you, Sir, it is his wicked determination, if you don't give him Miss Moggy, to take from your speech all *sound*—that your voice shan't pass your own head—that you cannot be heard by any body past yourself, tho' you roar like fifty cannons. This, Sir, I thought a bounce, 'till this proof he has given me of foretelling the coming of Laird Donald, has stagger'd my doubts.

M'GIL. He cannot stagger my elocution!—my rhetoric is proof—I defy the power of Belzebub.—

CHAR. Bless us! Sir, look where he comes—and look, see the very talisman in his hand!

M'GIL. Eh! what, that crab stick?

CHAR. *Stick!*—I know it's cut from the yew tree in the church-yard—and he told me he had it from the witch, his grandmother—but this, (*showing a stick,*) was brought from Ireland—and Irish oak against the Devil himself.—

M'GIL. Charley, don't talk wicked—don't mention the Devil!—now I don't think the fellow looks like a conjuror!

*Enter Shelly, with consequence.*

SHEL. Where's M'Gilpin?

CHAR. You don't mean my Master?

SHEL. The Master now has a Master.

M'GIL. What's that, sirrah?

SHEL.

SHEL. Only the kicker will be kick'd—Laird Donald is come—fine overhawling of accounts—Master Steward, now the eagle is pounc'd, you'll have something else to do than brooding over your tender chick, my old cock.

M'GIL. Ay, tho' you wou'd take the chick from the roost—ay, from under my wing, you most catiff hawk, yet, you shall never prevent me—ay, spite of your arts the old cock will crow.

SHEL. Let's hear you crow.

CHAR. You see, by his insolence, he's conscious of his powers. (*Apart to M'Gil.*)

M'GIL. I do!

CHAR. Shelty, forbear.—

SHEL. Forbear—

CHAR. You know I know your business.

SHEL. Business! true, you know I'm a piper.

M'GIL. Keep off—if you dare use your infernal scissars—

SHEL. I've no scissars—but I have—look here, (*shows the stick.*) I know you'll be hatching up a story to Laird Donald, but if you dare open your lips to the prejudice of me, or my daddy—see, let this keep you silent, or—I—Oh, by the—

CHAR. He says that (*the stick*) shall make you silent.

M'GIL. Keep off your baneful yew.

SHEL. I'm as good as you.

M'GIL. Shiver'd in the moon's eclipse.—

SHEL. Moon's eclipse!—he's touch'd.

M'GIL. Am I? has he?—then farewell tone, trope, and beautiful figure!

SHEL. Yes, you're a beautiful figure!

M'GIL. My flowers of rhetoric are faded—my period is at a full stop!

CHAR. Hark'ye, Shelty, dare to come near my Master with your damn'd twig there, and I'll kick you and it to the Devil!

SHEL. Kick me, you little pick thank!—I'll—(*strikes Charley with his stick—they struggle—Charley gets Shelty's stick, and puts him out.*)

M'GIL.

M'GIL. Out with him, my hero—you're a clever boy, faith. *(Charley throws the stick down, struts about, uses much action, and moves his lips, as if talking.)* Gad Charley can't speak, he's so very angry—I never saw him in a passion before—is he gone? *(Charley moves his lips.)* He is, the knave, so let's come to ourselves, and consider—call Benin. *(Charley turns his face to the door, and moves his lips as if calling.)* Why don't you call him when I bid you? *(Charley seems to call, his mouth wide open, but without speaking.)* Zounds firrah, call him. *(Charley seems to bawl (Benin) very loud—M'Gil. looks at Charley, who moves his lips.)* Damn the fellow! what's he at—is Benin coming? *(Charley moves his lips.)* Eh—ain't I worthy of an answer? *(Charley seems to speak with much action.)* Danme, I shall knock you down if you stand making mouths at me, you rascal! *(Charley pauses, seems to muse—suddenly starts—points to Shelly's stick, then to his own arm, intimating he had been struck with it, and in agony, lurs into tears.)* Eh!—why, can't you speak?—Eh! aye, indeed, I saw Shelly strike him with that fatal stick; but it's impossible—it can't be—speak—I won't believe but you can—eh!—none of your capers upon me—come, speak this moment!—this instant say in plain audible English—how d'ye do, Mr. M'Gilpin—or down you are, as flat as a flounder. *(Attempts to strike him.) (Charley kneels and supplicates.)* Eh—poor Charley!—faith if he has really lost his voice—I won't believe it—I'm strangely tempted to try it on myself; but then when I get into Parliament, if I lose my voice, I shall be fit only to be the Speaker—I'll venture—you Charley, firrah, take up that stick and touch me with it, very gently, boy. *(Charley strikes him hard.)* Zounds, that is enough to knock a man speechless.

CHAR. Oh, if I never recover my voice, I'm a miserable being!

M'GIL. Why, you have, you rogue, I heard you speak then very plain.

CHAR.

CHAR. Eh! now my Master's lips move as if he was talking.

M'GIL. Ha, ha, ha!—why, I am talking, you fool!

CHAR. Yes, they still move, but no sound—Eh! perhaps I may now have recovered my voice, by the stick touching my Master—Oh, true, Sheltly told me that the dumbness was transferrable.

M'GIL. Transferrable—the dumbness—what's that you say, boy?

CHAR. Eh!—may be he's not inclin'd for talking.

M'GIL. Sirrah, I'm always inclin'd for talking.

CHAR. I'll ask him a question to prove it—Sir, what shall I do with this wand of Sheltly's? (*pointing to it.*)

M'GIL. Burn it.

CHAR. Speak, Sir!

M'GIL. I say to the flames with it; and I believe on a statute of James the Sixth, I cou'd burn the owner.

CHAR. Dear Sir! speak if you can.

M'GIL. Why, I am speaking, you puppy!

CHAR. Yes, by the motion of his lips, the poor gentleman thinks he's speaking.

M'GIL. Speaking! Zounds, I'm bawling!—I won't believe but I'm heard, sirrah, I'll—

*Enter Benin.*

BEN. (*Apart to Charley*) What humour is he in?

CHAR. Sheltly has put him in a passion.

BEN. I'm taught so by his roaring—I won't answer whatever he says.

CHAR. Don't.

M'GIL. Now I'll see if—(*aside*)—Here, you scoundrel, do you hear me? (*very loud.*)

BEN. Thank you, Charley.

*Exit, without looking at M'Gil.*

M'GIL. Ay, 'tis plain, I can't make myself be heard—Oh! I have lost my voice, (*bawling;*) but zounds,



unds, it can't be!—This may be a confederacy—but hold—if so, my *daughter* can't be in the plot, as no body could have spoke to her since I lock'd her up here within. True—and even the windows are nail'd down—I'll see if she can hear me—(*unlocks the door, and goes in.*)

CHAR. Oh, the plague!—now Moggy'll answer him, and overthrow all my magic.

[ *Moggy peeps out of the Press.* ]

Mog. Charley—

CHAR. You there—oh, then—why, I believe the black gentleman *has* been at work in earnest—how the duce got you there? and the key which lock'd you into that room (*pointing to the room*) in your father's pocket.

Mog. Pshaw! you fool—Hush! I'm dressing here, ha, ha, ha!—why, your humming him nicely, he, he, he!—but only get him out of the way, and off we go.

CHAR. Pop in, here he comes. (*Moggy takes in her head.*) Now if I can but get him out—

*Re-enter M'Gilpin, in a great rage and astonishment.*

M'GIL. She's gone—I shall go mad—he has got her out, but how? no other way but the chimney, or the key hole—how the devil!—bless us—yes, if Sheltie could carry her off, when here—I found the door lock'd, I can no longer doubt his power to take my speech—Oh, I'm a most miserable old gentleman!—I'm in grief, and no body to pity me—I complain, and none can hear my lamentations. (*Weeps.*) Eh! but hold—as Charley recover'd by my getting the dumbness, I can as easily transfer it to some body else, and so recover my own voice, ha, ha, ha!—Pshaw! except his taking Moggy—If this is the worst, a fig for his power, ha, ha, ha!—I've a great mind to return it again to Charley, ha, ha, ha! but his voice will be necessary to explain my accounts to Laird Donald.

CHAR.

CHAR. Well, Sir, what does Miss Moggy say to her lover's tricks?

M'GIL. Pshaw! this fool tantalizing me with questions, when he knows I can't make him hear my answers!—Who shall I confer this favour on? Eh—ay, stupid Benin, the blackamoor, has little occasion for his guttural sounds—some revenge too for his interrupting my studies just now.

*Enter Benin.*

BEN. Sir, here's Laird Donald. *(Very submissively.)*

M'GIL. Oh, dear! I must recover my tongue to talk him over!—Yes, I'll give my dumbness to Benin—damme, I'll bang you into silence, my double dyed swarthy acquaintance. *(Takes the stick from the ground.)*

BEN. Tank y'ee, Charley.

*[Exit.*

M'GIL. He has hopp'd off like a black bird—wou'dn't even wait 'till I'd shake salt upon his tail.

CHAR. I see my only method to get him out of the way, is to bring him into disgrace with Laird Donald, which, from the complaints of all the tenants, and the Laird's haughty temper, a little thing will do. *(Aside.)* Oh, dear sir, yonder comes the Laird, and I believe the whole clan.

M'GIL. Ecod, then I must touch Charley, for speak to Laird Donald I must, and use a good deal of palaver too.

CHAR. Now, Sir, what will you do? stay—odso—well remember'd; Shelly told me one virtue of that stick, whilst it's held in the left hand, a person can be heard by every one, but the very person they address.

M'GIL. Eh—*(with joy.)*

CHAR. Now Sir, you've an opportunity of doing what no body does—to speak your mind to a great man.

M'GIL. I never spoke my mind to any man.

CHAR.

CHAR. And, my dear Sir, instead of this fine complimentary speech which you intended, I wou'd speak boldly to him; by that you may still keep up your own consequence amongst the tenants, without incurring his displeasure, as he will be the only person present that cannot hear you.

M'GIL. I'll abuse him!—Zounds! what a great bird they'll all think me! for a Highland Chieft is a Demigod amongst his vassals—ha, ha, ha!—here he marches in at their head, like a great turkey.

*Enter Laird of Col, Servant, and Highlanders.*

LD. COL. Well, Mr. M Gilpin, with the remembrance of my person, you seem to have lost all duty for your Laird.

CHAR. Hem! my Laird—Collect yourself, (*apart to M'Gil*) I say, my Laird, I have the honor to be confidential Secretary to your Lordship's Tax-man; and, my Laird, in a most respectful speech, the voice of your whole Isle of Col constitute Mr. M'Gilpin their humble mouth. (*Bows*)

M'GIL. Humble mouth! I didn't think Charley cou'd speak so pretty!—I'm glad I didn't unvoice him. (*They change sticks.*) Hem!—As he can't hear me, I'll give it him on both sides of his ears—in what a superior light they'll all look upon me in future—hem! now for it—off I go! hem!—Sir—you, Donald, here—in the name of the assembly present, and the island in general, I tell you, you are an oppressive upstart—in a word, you are a proud old puppy! (*Smiling, and using the action of servile adulation.*)

LD. COL. Hey!

M'GIL. He's surpris'd I don't speak; and they are all struck with wonder at what I do—Ecod I'll at him again, (*aside.*) Eh! and so you've got into Parliament?—a pretty representative of the people, to stand like a puppet, with your leg out, and turn and twist, just as the Minister pulls the wire fasten'd to your jaws, you stupid blockhead!

F

LD. COL.

LD. COL. How!—this confirms all I have heard—but I cou'dn't have believ'd his insolence rose to such a height of—lay hold of the ungrateful villain!

M'GIL. Why, my Laird, did you hear me?—Charley!—

LD. COL. Apprehend him! *(Servant seizes him.)* I wish, like the ancient Barons, I had the power to hang you on the instant.

M'GIL. Oh, my Laird!—oh, you rogue, Charley!

LD. COL. On my authority take him to prison! 'till he renders an account of his charge—away with him!

M'GIL. Oh, that rogue, Charley!

*[Exeunt Char. into the press.]*

*Scene, Shelly's House.*

*Enter Captain Dash and Jerjeant Jack.*

CAP. Ha, ha, ha!—well Jack, our success is even beyond my expectation—I think I shall flap my colours, and you sport your halbart in Calcutta: but as soon as we have our compliment of men, we must decamp.

SERJ. I've done my best, because I undertook the thing; but under a false hope, trepanning the poor fellows from their homes and families. Pressing in the sea service is a disgrace to the British freedom, and a cruel contradiction to British humanity!—but we are worse—we have made the Highlanders loyal affection to his Chief the instrument of his slavery!

CAP. Ha, ha, ha!—why, Jack, you had none of these fine morals when I found you a drumm'd-out trooper; and on my promise of an halbert, had your consent to join in any scheme that might better your fortune.

SERJ. Why, I was drumm'd out, tho' sav'd from lashes by the clemency of my Royal Master; but my only crime was insolence to my officer; I

was



was saucy, and I deserv'd punishment—yet, when a soldier, I never forgot I was a man; and now blush to think, by an act of dishonor, I have sunk beneath the noble character of an Englishman!

AIR. Serjeant.

Old England, great in arts and arms,  
For manly worth, and female charms,  
Renown'd has ever been;  
And now the care of bounteous Heav'n,  
Has to happy Albion given  
A gracious King and Queen;  
In their Royal progeny our blooming prospects smile,  
The fair possess'd of ev'ry grace,  
And in the gen'rous sons we trace,  
The guardians of our Isle.

On Cressy's plain an Edward sought,  
A captive King to London brought,  
'Twas there his glories shone;  
Tho' terrible in battle, he  
Cou'd shew, by Godlike clemency,  
He grac'd the wreath he won.  
Whene'er ambition tempts the war, we're ready for the  
field,  
To find a Cressy still in France,  
A Royal Fred'rick wields the lance,  
And holds Britannia's shield.

Let fame record Eliza's days,  
Her trumpet tune to songs of praise,  
The grand armada see,  
Tho' invincible she overcame,  
Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,  
By Britons great and free.  
Old Neptune thus exulting, to Royal William spoke:  
If woman once cou'd guard my realm,  
What triumph now, when at the helm,  
I place a heart of oak,  
A Royal heart of oak.

CAP. Well, and you shall command men ; this Sandy that I've just now list'd, is very much of a gentleman—old M'Gilpin shoving him out of his farm, has just plump'd him into our net.

SERJ. I wou'd certainly fish up men by hook or by crook ; but can't enjoy the prosperity that's built on the destruction of another !

CAP. Pshaw ! damn your nonsense !—what the Devil is come to you ? this Sandy is—oh, have you seen his Jenny ?

SERJ. Yes, I've seen her, and wish she *was* his.

CAP. Wish she *was his* ? very civil, when you know I love her to distraction—hey ! what's here ?

*Enter Moggy from top, dressed as a Highlander.*

MOG. I beg your honor's pardon, but hasn't your honor list'd one Sandy Frazer ?

CAP. Yes, my lad, and I'll list you too.

SERJ. Yes, we'll list you, if you're willing.

MOG. It's for that I'm come, if you'll take me in my brother Sandy's place.

SERJ. Why, is Sandy your brother ?

MOG. Yes, Sir, he is, and the eldest of eight little brothers and sisters, nor one of them, but me, able to earn a morsel of bread for themselves ; Sandy and I did tolerably well for them, while he had the farm, as he was able to take care of them, because he cou'd manage and provide, and knows ten times more about land nor I, from his having been in England—No, I can never do it ; if you take him away, what will become of my brothers and sisters ?—yes, they'll be starv'd—oh, merciful good Captain ! take me, and discharge brother Sandy !—oh ! *(cries.)*

CAP. Ha, ha, ha ! you young dog, do you think I'll exchange an effective man for such a little whipper-snapper as you ?—get along, you little monkey !

MOG. I am a little monkey !—oh ! I shall never be able to maintain the family !—oh ! *(cries.)*

CAP.

CAP. Why, Jack, (*to Serj.*) ha, ha, ha! here is another opportunity for your sentiments! ha, ha, ha!

SERJ. Yes, and for your humanity, if you have any. (*Walks up.*)

CAP. Humanity!—Eh!—go home, my boy, (*to Moggy.*)

MOG. Sir, I've rais'd a little bit of money here, by selling some of our flock, if this could make up for my deficiency, 'till I grow bigger?

SERJ. (*Advancing.*) Hey! money!

CAP. Money! (*Draws her to him.*)

MOG. Yes, Sir, if you'll accept this forty pounds and me in the place of my brother Sandy—Oh, worthy noble gentleman! you'll see what a good fine soldier I'll make in time.

CAP. Eh—in time—(*looks at her.*) Forty pounds—

SERJ. And this younker will grow taller.

MOG. Oh, yes, Sir, I intend to grow a deal taller.

AIR. Moggy.

Tho' I am now a very little lad,  
If fighting men cannot be bad,  
For want of better I may do,  
To follow the boy, with rat tat too;  
I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,  
And tho' not much o'me, right good stuff,  
Of this I'll boast, say more who can;  
I never was afraid to meet my man.  
I'm a ebickabiddy, see take me now now now,  
I'm a little merry be, for your row dow dea,  
Brown-Bess I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy,  
At my back a knapsack, like a rowing boy.

In my Tartan plaid a young soldier view,  
My phillibeg and dirk, and my bonnet blue,  
Give the word and I'll march where you command,  
Noble Serjeant with a shilling strike my band.  
My Captain, as he takes his glass,  
May wish to toy with a pretty lass,

For such a one I've a roguish eye,  
He'll never want a girl when I am by.

*I'm a chickabiddy, &c.*

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,  
With my great broad sword I long to begin,  
Cut, slash, ram, damn—oh glorious fun,  
For a gun, pip, pop, change my little pop-gun.  
My foes shall fly like geese in flocks,  
Ev'n Turks I'll drive like turkey-cocks,  
And where ever quarter'd I shall be,  
Oh, Zounds! bow I'll kiss my landlady.

*I'm a chickabiddy, &c.*

CAP. Ha, ha, ha!—well, my little-tall boy—  
(*He writes in his pocket-book, and tears a leaf out, which he gives to Moggy.*) Ha, ha, ha!—there's your brother Sandy's discharge—I take your forty pounds—there's a shilling.

MOG. A shilling!—generous Captain! thank'ye, Sir—this paper—what a present for my poor Jenny!  
(*aside, with joy.*)

SERJ. Sir, we are lucky rogues!—this forty pounds comes to us most *à propos*! (*apart to Captain.*)

CAP. Us!—what do you mean, fellow?—In profit I am *solus*. (*To Moggy,*) now you are the King's man.

SERJ. And Sandy is his own.

*Enter Sandy (as a Recruit) and Shelly.*

MOG. (*Giving Sandy the paper she received from the Captain*) There's your discharge, Sandy; no more the King's, you're now only Jenny's man.

*Enter Jenny.*

JEN. Ah, Sandy! how cou'd you forsake me?

CAP. Hey! the Devil!—what's all this about?—here, you little busy rascal, (*to Moggy.*) True, my lad, (*to Sandy,*) as he says, you're free, but I'll order your pert young brother here up to the halberts—(*points to Moggy.*)

SAN. My—I've no brother!

CAP. Eh!—why, what the devil is all this you've been telling me, firrah? (*to Moggy.*)

Mog.



Mog. Oh, Lord! Sir, I'm the greatest fibber you ever koew.

CAP. Why, damme, you little son of gun—

Mog. No, Sir, but I happen to be daughter to an old great gun!

*Enter Charley.*

Here's my match, (*takes his hand*)—and hey! I'm off like a sky-rocket. (*Runs off with Charley.*)

JEN. Sandy, didn't you know her?

SAN. But, my dear, what has she been about here?

JEN. Oh, Sandy, she's a worthy girl.

CAP. She!—a woman!—Oh, zounds! have I parted with an Alexander, to make a soldier of—

SHEL. A soldier!—ha, ha, ha!—the Captain has been lifting Moggy M'Gilpin, ha, ha, ha!

SAN. Ha, ha, ha!

JEN. My dear whimsical good-natur'd friend!—may she be as happy with the lad of her heart as she has made me with my Sandy!

CAP. Oh, ho—I see it now—you have been a confederate in this imposition, (*to Sandy.*)

SAN. Totally innocent; and yet, Captain, I'm an impostor, as well as yourself.

CAP. How? (*angry.*)

LD. COL. (*Without*) This way—come, come.

CAP. Damme, I'll—(*Threatning Sandy.*)

SAN. Nay, Sir, no bouncing—for here comes an old gentleman that will find us both out.

*Enter Laird of Col, and M'Gilpin.*

LD. COL. (*To M'Gil.*) Sir, you stand upon your own guilt or innocence—you've turned the sword of justice into a raping-hook, and her balance to a money scale—but it's putting a weapon into the hands of a madman, to give power, where the mind is base and venal; to expect no favor from me.—And pray, Sir, (*to Cap.*) by whose authority do you lift men in this island?

CAP. Our King and my Colonel.

LD. COL. Who is your Colonel?

CAP. The owner of this island, my friend, young Bob M'Donald.

LD. COL.

LD. COL. Well, this is rather odd; my son a Colonel! the first time I ever heard he was even in the army!

CAP. Son!—Jack, (*to Serj.*) Zounds, if—can this be the old Laird?

LD. COL. (*Seeing Sandy*) Eh! is't possible? Bob?

CAP. Why, Sir, do you know this Sandy?

LD. COL. What do you mean by Sandy? This is my son Robert, ha, ha, ha!—your friend—  
young Bob M Donald.

M'GIL. What, Sandy our young Laird!

LD. COL. Ha, ha, ha!—But Bob, if you are a Colonel, as this Gentleman says, I don't admire the mode of your regimentals.

SAN. Why, no, Sir—but this gentleman dubs himself a Captain, his friend Bob a Colonel, and then cruelly degrades me to a private in my own regiment, ha, ha, ha!

CAP. This young Donald? confusion!—Jack, we are undone—yes, they'll hang us, (*apart.*)

SERJ. (*Aloud*) Us!—what do you mean, fellow? In hanging you are *solus*—(*mimicks the Captain's former manner.*)

SHEL. Yes, the Captain goes up.

LD. COL. Oh, I conceive now—then, Bob, you are the Sandy I've heard so much of for improving the land; but why disgrace yourself and family, by turning plough-boy yourself, lad?

SAN. Sir, nothing disgraces any family but a dishonourable action, and of that I am unconscious. I came hither, as I told you I shou'd, on my shooting scheme; but on the instant of my arrival, a transient sight of this lady inspir'd me with the design, which has made me the happiest of men. In this sequester'd Isle I have found this lovely flower, whose disinterested smiles upon the farmer, have prov'd she must grace the bosom of the Laird.

LD. COL. But, Bob, still your whole conduct (*to me*) wears a face of mystery: your turning common soldier—how?—Come, Sir, I insist on a full and clear explanation.

SAN.

SAN. Sir, my motives for enlisting were, to secure this gentleman's conviction, for his very impudent fraud, founded on a forgery of my name—and by fabricating *imaginary* distresses, have prov'd how far true love wou'd go to alleviate a real one.

*Enter Laird of Raufey.*

LD. R. Well, I am come to bid you farewell, Donald.

LD. COL. Going?

LD. R. Yes, when I settle— but where is this lad? I don't know how to find this Sandy Frazer out.

LD. COL. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, Sir, there stands the gentleman, (*points to Sandy*)

LD. R. An honest looking youth—young man, you'll marry Jenny?

SAN. If she will honor me.

LD. R. It is an honor, if you knew all. (*Aside.*) Here's an hundred pounds with her; don't ask why I give you this—she's wild and vulgar, but keep a tight rein, and you—may reclaim her.

SAN. Sir, whosoever you are, keep your advice and money for those who want them.

SHEL. Want them! then, Sir, give my father the advice, and me the money.

JEN. Sir, [*to Ld. of R.*] tho' I have not the honor of knowing you, and wou'd wish not to deserve the character you are pleas'd to give me, yet I humbly thank you for your generous intention. [*Curtseys with much grace and modesty.*]

LD. R. You, Madam!—I mean Jenny!

SAN. Well, Sir, this is she!

LD. R. This!—why, you are not the young woman was wanting me to marry you just now?

JEN. Me, Sir!—to my recollection I never saw you before.

SHEL. The Doctor has been taking his whiskey.

LD. R. Very odd this; I must have been impos'd on.

SHEL. Oh, yes, they forgot to mix it for you.

LD. R. Pray, Madam, who are your parents?

JEN. I know not.

LD. R. (*Seeing M'Gil.*) Oh, Sir, from you I expect, and must exact, a confirmation of what indeed  
I scarce



I scarce entertain a doubt, (*looking at Jenny.*) Tell me what you know of this young woman.

M'GIL. First, Sir, tell me am I obliged to tell you?

LD. COL. You are, (*authoritatively*).

M'GIL. Then, Sir, you must know—upon my word, my memory is so very bad, I can't recollect any thing at all of the matter.

LD. R. What, Sir, not recollect the 500<sup>l</sup>. left her by her mother?

M'GIL. The five pounds! Zounds, I tell you, if I was even on a trial, I never could remember what I was determin'd to forget—however, Sir, if, as I now find, you are the Laird of Raufey, I'll make a free confession, if 'twill do me any good.

LD. R. Well, Sir—

M'GIL. This is your very niece, the sweet babe that was born in my house.

LD. R. 'Tis confirm'd—I saw there the features of my beloved unhappy sister, [*to Ld. of Col.*] I now, with pride, acknowledge her for my niece.

LD. COL. Do you?—Oh, then I acknowledge her for my daughter-in-law.

SHELL. Hard now that I can't turn out to be some body else.

M'GIL. [*To Sandy.*] I protest, Sir, had I known you were the Laird, I'd never have turn'd you out of your farm.

SAN. Ha, ha, ha!—Why, I believe you.

M'GIL. So, Sir, I hope you'll procure my Laird's pardon for the genteel manner in which I had Miss Jenny brought up at Miss Killcooburry's boarding-school, at Inverness—you know, Miss, what a fuss I made about you when a little fat puppet.

JEN. Indeed, Sir, whatever may have been his other failings, to me he has prov'd an affectionate guardian—Permit me, Sir, to recommend to your favor the worthy Serjeant here, to whose unexpected generosity I partly owe my present happiness.

JACK. Thank'ye, Ma'am—I own I came here on a very roguish plan, which, if you can prevail on the young Laird to pardon, [*looks at Sandy*] let it extend



extend to my friend, the Captain—'twas I that led him here, to help my recruiting scheme—we were partners in the guilt.

SAN. Recruiting, call you it—kidnapping—a disgrace to your profession—for in your zeal for the service, remember that honor is the characteristic of an English officer.

M'GIL. But now your justice, my Laird, on this curs'd, juggling, conjuring piper, who has, without my consent, run away with, and married my daughter.

*Enter Charley, leading Moggy, in a Highland dress.*

CHAR. [To M'Gil.] Sir, give me leave to introduce Captain M'Gilpin. [*presenting Moggy.*]

M'GIL. Moggy!—Oh, you brazen face!—hey—turn'd soldier?

MOG. I am, Sir, and under the command of General Charley—the real Parson, who is now below at the door, gave the word—'twas love, honor, and obey.

LD. R. [*Looking at Mog.*] Ay, ay, this is the young lady that's so clever at fibbing—how do you do, Miss Jenny? [*pleasant.*]

MOG. Pretty well, I thank you, Master Parson!

LD. COL. My dear son, the noble manner in which you have made your choice, with all my family pride, gives me infinite pleasure—Madam, I wish you joy, [*to Jenny*] Your affections have been prov'd, and you must both be happy—where virtue and innocence reside, Heaven is the orphan's friend; and I wish every fond pair, who marry for love, may thus be agreeably surpris'd with money.

SHEL. If I was sure of that, I'd marry for love myself; so I'm a conjuror!—these are comical conjurations—the tenant is the landlord—the poor orphan is the Lady of the land—the Captain is no soldier—the soldier is a woman—the apprentice is the master—the master is—no body—the poor Parson is a Laird of much land. [*Looking at them by turns.*]—and poor Sheltie, the Scotch piper—Oh, your humble servant to command. [*Bows to them.*]—and whether I tap the barrel, or tune the chaunter—Hey! neighbours, let's all be merry.—

FINALE.

## F I N A L E.

Sandy. Come sprightly Lowland lass,  
 Shel. And Highland lad, trip here in jovial glaze,  
 Sandy. Gentle winds from ev'ry island,  
 Wast hearts merry, blyth and free;  
 Shel. At Shelly's house, in gay carouse your hours employ,  
 M'Gil. O well said boys,  
 Serj. Lay supper down, and bring the booze,  
 To wish the young folks love and joy.  
 Chorus Whiskey, friskey, prancing, dancing,  
 Sorrow send to Nick the De cl,  
 Care or trouble, who can feel,  
 Lolling up the Highland Keel.

Mog. Mind, dearest lad, I tell you fairly,  
 Married I must have my way,

Char. I'm sure, dear lass, you'll govern rarely,  
 Love and honor I'll obey;

San. Nor marriage chain,

Shel. Nor bit, nor rein;

Mog. The Duce a bit,

M'Gil. A gamisome tis.

Shel. Gadooks poor henpeck'd Charley,

M'Gil. A wise man I, my child's a wit.—Whiskey, &c.

San. The torch of love by Cupid lighted,  
 Never shall extinguish'd be,

Jen. True vows at Hymen's altar plighted,  
 Rosy hours the knot shall tie;

San. Earnest this,

Jen. Of Heavenly bliss.

Both. My only love,

M'Gil. Well said, by Jove;

San. Sweet blossom ne'er be blighted,

M'Gil. She'll beo like any turtle dove.—Whiskey, &c.

Serj. Old Neptune's arms the globe embracing,  
 In his grasp can kingdoms hem,

Great Jove upon his fingers placing,

Albion's Isle—a radiant gem;

Oh, ever shine with rays divine,

Shed lustre round, and thus enthron'd,

Royal George with years encreasing,

With each blessing ever crown'd.—Whiskey, &c.

E N D.



